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PAGESTHE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. PART I
1-10

VOL. XXIX

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1896.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS



WHOLESALE GROCERS,
BAGGING AND TIES, FERTILIZERS,
HAY AND GRAIN.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

"POSTELL'S ELEGANT" FLOUR.

This mill, after being closed for two months, has started up with an entire new equipment of machinery. We challenge the world to equal it. Full stock now in store.

COTTON TIES.

We have purchased the entire product of the Rome Tie Mills for the present season, with a capacity of one thousand bundles per day. We are in position to supply the trade.

BAGGING.

We have a large stock of standard brands, distributed at the seaports; can reach any territory to advantage. If you are in the market, correspond with us.

LANGSTON & WOODSON, Atlanta, Ga.**The Autocrat**

Out Today.

CONTENTS.

"The Cradle of Nullification"—By D. Higbee.
"An Angel in the Pit," More Leaves from Mr. Kidder's Diary. Dedicated to "The Atlantians"—By Benton Neal Thornton.
"In the Wilderness"—By D. Higbee.
"Realization"—By Agnes Deane.
"To a Carnation"—By Patience B. Strong.
"People Who Write"—By D. Higbee.
"Just Once"—By Matt Galleher. Spoken Aside.

You cannot afford to miss reading Mr. Thornton's story, which has to do with the summer opera company, nor the "Spoken Aside," which refers in rather warm terms to the introduction of the negro melody and like songs in the operas produced by the same company.

THE AUTOCRAT has been an assured success from its first number.

Subscription \$1.00 per year, including a copy of D. Higbee's beautiful story, "Un Ze Studio." P. O. Box 221.

AT THE NEWS STANDS.

NOTICE.

Treasury Department, Office of Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, June 26, 1896.—Whereas, by satisfactory evidence adduced to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Fourth National Bank of Atlanta, in the city of Atlanta, in the county of Fulton and state of Georgia, has complied with all the provisions of the statutes of the United States requiring it to commence with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking:

Now, therefore, I, George M. Coffin, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Fourth National Bank of Atlanta, in the city of Atlanta, in the county of Fulton, and state of Georgia, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided by section 519 of the revised statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this, 26th day of June, 1896. GEORGE M. COFFIN,
Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

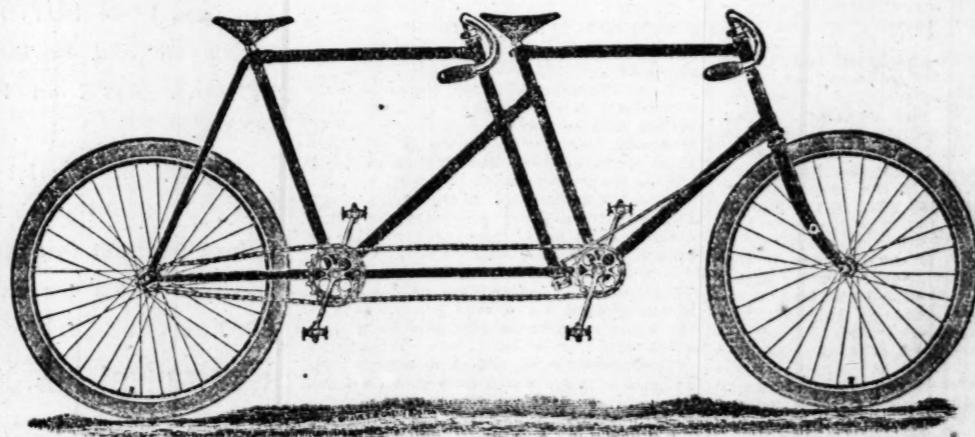
No. 504.

A cartoon illustration of a woman in a long, flowing dress standing next to a signpost. The signpost has three signs: one pointing left, one pointing right, and one straight ahead. The signs read:
 T.J. FAMBRO
 87 & 89 PEACHTREE
 STREET IS THE
 PLACE TO BUY
 FURNITURE
 BABY CARRIAGES
 MATTINGS, RUGS
 CUT AT PRICES

To the right of the signpost is another cartoon illustration of a man in a top hat and coat, looking over his shoulder with a worried expression. The text next to him reads:
 DONT TURN YOUR
 BACK TO A GOOD
 THING

Below the illustrations, the text continues:
 Matting To Close Out
 Baby Carriages To Close Out
 Bedroom Suits To Close Out
 Sideboards To Close Out
 Hat Racks To Close Out
 You cannot afford to turn your back to my great
 Close Out Sale Next Week

PHONE 761

T. J. FAMBRO, 87 and 89 Peachtree St.**BICYCLES!**

NAPOLEON RACERS.....	\$125	NAPOLEON ROADSTERS.....	\$100
BEN HUR ROADSTERS.....	\$100	CENTENNIALS.....	\$85
"PEGASUS," THE MOST POPULAR WHEEL ON EARTH.....	\$75		

Terms easy. Catalogue free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina. Write quick.

WOOD & BEAUMONT STOVE AND FURNITURE CO., 85-87 Whitehall, 70-72 S. Broad

July 12, 1896

July 12th, 1896.

CHAMBERLIN - JOHNSON - DUBOSE CO.**TO THE PUBLIC.**

As heretofore announced, we will begin stock taking on the 20th of this month. In order to simplify and facilitate the work of invoicing as much as possible we will from this date sell goods at lower prices than you've ever known.

All good merchants want their bank accounts plethoric and their merchandise holdings meagre when the inventory has been finished. To help us accomplish our purpose we have marked all stocks—especially warm-weather stuffs—at the rockiest rock-bottom prices.

Wash Goods, Colored Dress Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Shirt Waists, Belts, Underwear, Neckwear, Fans, Ribbons, Linens, Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Draperies, Furniture—in fact, everything beneath the roof has felt the influence of the recent reductions.

For genuine, real, money-saving Bargains in dependable qualities you must visit

CHAMBERLIN - JOHNSON - DUBOSE CO.**PANTS**

Made to Order From Any Piece of Cloth in Our Store,

\$2.95!

PRICES WERE \$4.00 TO \$8.00.

DAVIS TAILORING COMP'Y

14 PEACHTREE ST.

114 WHITEHALL ST.

97 DECATUR ST.

RECEIVER'S SALE

In pursuance of an order of Fulton Superior Court, for which court of the job printing office lately conducted by S. Gutman, at No. 108 South Forsyth Street, I, C. & P. Gordon steam presses, one three-horse power Jenney motor, counter shafts and main shafts, pulleys, 16 founts display type, 150 founts body type, 25 founts miscellaneous type, sundry founts brass rule and wad type, 14 job cases, 12 type cases, 1000 small boxes, 44 job cases, 1 type case and other small material usually used in a first-class job office; also 1000 pieces of white, colored, blue, red, yellow and green flat papers, news, shipping tags, cut cards, envelopes, printers' ink, a lot of new and used type, 1000 pieces ink, paper, paste, glue and stationery; 1 safe, 2 oak desks and 1 letter-copying press, 1 platform scale. Bids will be received by me at my office, which can be seen on application to me at No. 108 E. Mitchell street.

MORRIS BARWALD, Receiver.

July 12, 1896

WHERE POVERTY MAKES PAUPERS

Interesting Pen Pictures of the County Almshouse and Its Inmates.

In a little world of their own, far removed from the din and bustle of the city, the unfortunate and paupers of the county are peacefully living out their allotted time at the almshouse.

Broken in health and fortune, or wrecked by a financial crisis, the pauper is carried to the county farm, where he is assigned a permanent home, under whose sheltering roof he may weather the fitful storms of life until his body is placed at rest under the green sod on the lonely hillside.

Last week I spent the day at the almshouse and was shown the various departments and the manner in which the paupers and unfortunate are cared for. I was shown the inmates and the lives they spend.

A visit was made to the imbecile ward and the colored colony and the female quarters and the plans and methods of Superintendent Hope were explained and demonstrated, and I returned to the city thoroughly convinced that the county commissioners have accomplished a vast deal more than they imagined was possible when the institution was first founded.

I also returned to the uncertainty of fate and this game of chance we call existence. I saw men at the almshouse, broken in body and spirits, who twenty years ago knew as prosperous and prominent people. They had suddenly faded from the scene, and their names were moved away from the city and sought fortune in distant lands; some said they had died while away from home, but last week I saw their faces framed in the little windows that open upon the grassy lawn in front of the almshouse.

Many secrets would unfold if the stories of these lives could be known. Prominent leaders of society, who passed out of public vision, may now be seen in the almshouse, their faces distorted from the use of drink and debauchery. Men who purchased fifteen years ago were put out of their half open windows with furrowed faces and gloomy expressions. It is the city of refuge, the oasis of an ill spent life, where death is the only key to liberty.

But my visit to the almshouse dispelled the opinion I had held about the poor-house. Fulton county's poorhouse is located in a beautiful grove of stately trees, where cool, refreshing breezes perpetually blow. The lawn is green with luxuriant grass and the surroundings are pleasant to the eye.

The main building is a substantial structure of brick, well arranged and fitted up with all modern conveniences. The rooms are well lighted and the walls are white and the floors clean as a pin. The inmates, though paupers, are given all the comforts of life and are not altogether as miserable as I always pictured them.

Dr. Hope, the superintendent, is demonstrating the many improvements that have been made since the county commissioners' last appropriation is well spent. On every hand there is evidence of splendid management and good discipline.

The imbeciles are cared for a cottage located about a half mile from the almshouse. Mrs. Gilliland is the manager in charge, and she is constantly on duty, living in an adjoining cottage to the one in which the imbeciles are housed.

The negro department is between the two buildings, a quarter of a mile from the main building. Each cottage of which there are seven has a little garden which is tended by those of the inmates who are able bodied. The negroes are all aged, and they spend the time mainly in awaiting their death, which they realize is not far away in the future.

But a visit to the city is worth the trouble of getting out from the city. It gives you an opportunity to see life that we have never seen before. The inmates, with the almshouse as a background, form a painting that the greatest master would labor a lifetime to produce. You see the aged and infirm, the invalid and the infirmer, all clothed in misery before you. The visit would give you food for thought and an opportunity for your imagination and fancy to tell the story of the lives of those who depend upon the county for their food and raiment.

Sitting on the porch of the little cottage that nestled beneath the bough of a hill, I saw an old negro who was calmly and peacefully sleeping. He had a little garden which he tended by those of the inmates who are able bodied. The negroes are all aged, and they spend the time mainly in awaiting their death, which they realize is not far away in the future.

Perhaps that light that suffused her face was the first ray of the daily dawning of heaven. I turned from the room and left the mother alone with her child and her God.

As I walked up to the cottage the with-

Women in the East are educated to a life of pure sensuality. Wrong, of course, but the other extreme is nearly as bad. Continually hammering away on the typewriter, the effect of keeping women in ignorance and of developing a taste for the opposite sex is of necessity bad and degrading. Educating women to do things connected with the reproduction of the species is the best way to keep them from being a burden to themselves.

I was told the story of the life of the mother. Several years ago a brother and sister lived in a happy home not many miles from the union camp. Their parents were well to do people, and though their walk in life had been humble through poverty, it was an honest and law-abiding life. The mother calls child never a human being. Every duty had been discharged for our national army to a titled aristocrat of the country with whom we were at war. It was cut in brass soon after it had been decided upon and is found on the commission dated September 16, 1861, granting all power and authority to Washington to arrange with the British for prisoners of war. This seal continued in use for fifty-nine years. The present seal differs from it only in detail of execution. The design of the reverse side is a shield with a cross in the center, and the motto "Qui Transtulit Sustinet." The reverse side of the seal was not cut then, nor has it been cut since, but has been allowed to go unnoticed officially until the present day. The second seal was cut in 1861, Daniel Webster then being secretary of state. This one was continued in use up to 1858, when the seal now in use was cut.

A woman is the curse of God," said a gentleman of the party. The superintendent closed the door, shutting out sight the awful modesty that has been prolific of weakness and disease. Four out of every five women in America are not fit to be mothers. They are not properly equipped for the performance of the duties of wifehood and motherhood. Their training has made them feel that it is better to be a slave than to be a wife.

The doctors are much to blame for this, because when treating the diseases peculiarly feminine they invariably insist on examining and touching them. These things are generally absolutely unnecessary and have been proven by the wonderful success of Dr. Pierce's Specific Prescription. It is a positive specific for all forms of female weakness and disease. It cures all the ailments and regulates the organs distinctively feminine, restoring them to a state of perfect health, and in so doing cures four-fifths of all the illness of women, for almost all womanly diseases spring from this one cause.

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Knows the Telegraph
is human body.
the brain to every part
and reach every organ.
good servants but hard
blood and are therefore
exhausted if the
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strong and steady if
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and in Hood's Sarape.
It makes rich, red blood
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and liver stimulant. \$2.00

forced to do any act
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T. W. REED,

in Hotel, July 11.—(Special)—Your
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MILLE & HAM,
Atlanta, Ga.

new Jail.

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STOCKS HIGHER.

The Gain Amounted to 1-2 to 2-3
Per Cent.

CLOSED AT ABOUT THE BEST

Breaking of the Drought in Texas
Causes a Decline in Cotton.
Wheat Higher.

New York, July 11.—Higher prices were the rule at the stock exchange today, and a confident tone characterized the dealings from start to finish. The advances in prices ranged from 1 to 2 per cent. Charles F. Chapman, the Granger, Sugar and Bay State Gas being especially prominent in the rise. Chicago Gas jumped to 60¢ and Manhattan to 50¢, gallons of 4 per cent in both cases. Cotton, Oil and Gas stocks, which had been under hammer during the past few days, showed more recuperative ability, and recovered part of their recent losses. Total sales were 105,122 shares, including 27,000 St. Paul, 22,300 Sugar and 7,000 Stock.

Bonds were quiet and easier in tone. Sales were only 100,000.

Money market, nominal; prime mercantile, 4% 1/2; second, 4%; 3rd, 4 1/2; 4th, 5%; 5th, 5 1/2; 6th, 6%; 7th, 6 1/2; 8th, 7%; 9th, 7 1/2; 10th, 8%; 11th, 8 1/2; 12th, 9%; 13th, 9 1/2; 14th, 10%; 15th, 10 1/2; 16th, 11%; 17th, 11 1/2; 18th, 12%; 19th, 12 1/2; 20th, 13%; 21st, 13 1/2; 22nd, 14%; 23rd, 14 1/2; 24th, 15%; 25th, 15 1/2; 26th, 16%; 27th, 16 1/2; 28th, 17%; 29th, 17 1/2; 30th, 18%; 31st, 18 1/2; 1st, 19%; 2nd, 19 1/2; 3rd, 20%; 4th, 20 1/2; 5th, 21%; 6th, 21 1/2; 7th, 22%; 8th, 22 1/2; 9th, 23%; 10th, 23 1/2; 11th, 24%; 12th, 24 1/2; 13th, 25%; 14th, 25 1/2; 15th, 26%; 16th, 26 1/2; 17th, 27%; 18th, 27 1/2; 19th, 28%; 20th, 28 1/2; 21st, 29%; 22nd, 29 1/2; 23rd, 30%; 24th, 30 1/2; 25th, 31%; 26th, 31 1/2; 27th, 32%; 28th, 32 1/2; 29th, 33%; 30th, 33 1/2; 31st, 34%; 1st, 34 1/2; 2nd, 35%; 3rd, 35 1/2; 4th, 36%; 5th, 36 1/2; 6th, 37%; 7th, 37 1/2; 8th, 38%; 9th, 38 1/2; 10th, 39%; 11th, 39 1/2; 12th, 40%; 13th, 40 1/2; 14th, 41%; 15th, 41 1/2; 16th, 42%; 17th, 42 1/2; 18th, 43%; 19th, 43 1/2; 20th, 44%; 21st, 44 1/2; 22nd, 45%; 23rd, 45 1/2; 24th, 46%; 25th, 46 1/2; 26th, 47%; 27th, 47 1/2; 28th, 48%; 29th, 48 1/2; 30th, 49%; 31st, 49 1/2; 1st, 50%; 2nd, 50 1/2; 3rd, 51%; 4th, 51 1/2; 5th, 52%; 6th, 52 1/2; 7th, 53%; 8th, 53 1/2; 9th, 54%; 10th, 54 1/2; 11th, 55%; 12th, 55 1/2; 13th, 56%; 14th, 56 1/2; 15th, 57%; 16th, 57 1/2; 17th, 58%; 18th, 58 1/2; 19th, 59%; 20th, 59 1/2; 21st, 60%; 22nd, 60 1/2; 23rd, 61%; 24th, 61 1/2; 25th, 62%; 26th, 62 1/2; 27th, 63%; 28th, 63 1/2; 29th, 64%; 30th, 64 1/2; 31st, 65%; 1st, 65 1/2; 2nd, 66%; 3rd, 66 1/2; 4th, 67%; 5th, 67 1/2; 6th, 68%; 7th, 68 1/2; 8th, 69%; 9th, 69 1/2; 10th, 70%; 11th, 70 1/2; 12th, 71%; 13th, 71 1/2; 14th, 72%; 15th, 72 1/2; 16th, 73%; 17th, 73 1/2; 18th, 74%; 19th, 74 1/2; 20th, 75%; 21st, 75 1/2; 22nd, 76%; 23rd, 76 1/2; 24th, 77%; 25th, 77 1/2; 26th, 78%; 27th, 78 1/2; 28th, 79%; 29th, 79 1/2; 30th, 80%; 31st, 80 1/2; 1st, 81%; 2nd, 81 1/2; 3rd, 82%; 4th, 82 1/2; 5th, 83%; 6th, 83 1/2; 7th, 84%; 8th, 84 1/2; 9th, 85%; 10th, 85 1/2; 11th, 86%; 12th, 86 1/2; 13th, 87%; 14th, 87 1/2; 15th, 88%; 16th, 88 1/2; 17th, 89%; 18th, 89 1/2; 19th, 90%; 20th, 90 1/2; 21st, 91%; 22nd, 91 1/2; 23rd, 92%; 24th, 92 1/2; 25th, 93%; 26th, 93 1/2; 27th, 94%; 28th, 94 1/2; 29th, 95%; 30th, 95 1/2; 31st, 96%; 1st, 96 1/2; 2nd, 97%; 3rd, 97 1/2; 4th, 98%; 5th, 98 1/2; 6th, 99%; 7th, 99 1/2; 8th, 100%; 9th, 100 1/2; 10th, 101%; 11th, 101 1/2; 12th, 102%; 13th, 102 1/2; 14th, 103%; 15th, 103 1/2; 16th, 104%; 17th, 104 1/2; 18th, 105%; 19th, 105 1/2; 20th, 106%; 21st, 106 1/2; 22nd, 107%; 23rd, 107 1/2; 24th, 108%; 25th, 108 1/2; 26th, 109%; 27th, 109 1/2; 28th, 110%; 29th, 110 1/2; 30th, 111%; 31st, 111 1/2; 1st, 112%; 2nd, 112 1/2; 3rd, 113%; 4th, 113 1/2; 5th, 114%; 6th, 114 1/2; 7th, 115%; 8th, 115 1/2; 9th, 116%; 10th, 116 1/2; 11th, 117%; 12th, 117 1/2; 13th, 118%; 14th, 118 1/2; 15th, 119%; 16th, 119 1/2; 17th, 120%; 18th, 120 1/2; 19th, 121%; 20th, 121 1/2; 21st, 122%; 22nd, 122 1/2; 23rd, 123%; 24th, 123 1/2; 25th, 124%; 26th, 124 1/2; 27th, 125%; 28th, 125 1/2; 29th, 126%; 30th, 126 1/2; 31st, 127%; 1st, 127 1/2; 2nd, 128%; 3rd, 128 1/2; 4th, 129%; 5th, 129 1/2; 6th, 130%; 7th, 130 1/2; 8th, 131%; 9th, 131 1/2; 10th, 132%; 11th, 132 1/2; 12th, 133%; 13th, 133 1/2; 14th, 134%; 15th, 134 1/2; 16th, 135%; 17th, 135 1/2; 18th, 136%; 19th, 136 1/2; 20th, 137%; 21st, 137 1/2; 22nd, 138%; 23rd, 138 1/2; 24th, 139%; 25th, 139 1/2; 26th, 140%; 27th, 140 1/2; 28th, 141%; 29th, 141 1/2; 30th, 142%; 31st, 142 1/2; 1st, 143%; 2nd, 143 1/2; 3rd, 144%; 4th, 144 1/2; 5th, 145%; 6th, 145 1/2; 7th, 146%; 8th, 146 1/2; 9th, 147%; 10th, 147 1/2; 11th, 148%; 12th, 148 1/2; 13th, 149%; 14th, 149 1/2; 15th, 150%; 16th, 150 1/2; 17th, 151%; 18th, 151 1/2; 19th, 152%; 20th, 152 1/2; 21st, 153%; 22nd, 153 1/2; 23rd, 154%; 24th, 154 1/2; 25th, 155%; 26th, 155 1/2; 27th, 156%; 28th, 156 1/2; 29th, 157%; 30th, 157 1/2; 31st, 158%; 1st, 159%; 2nd, 159 1/2; 3rd, 160%; 4th, 160 1/2; 5th, 161%; 6th, 161 1/2; 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Still in the Ring and Leading the Van.

THE OLD RELIABLE
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Electrotyping,
Stereotyping,
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W. A. HEMPHILL, President. — G. W. HARRISON, Manager.
 65-71 IVY STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

BURIED IN LONDON

Some of England's Illustrious Dead Who
Do Not Sleep in Westminster.

NOR IN OLD ST. PAUL'S

Scattered About in Various Places Lie
Some of the Most Distinguished
of Britons.

In western Massachusetts a land of silent folk? It is there that Mr. Clifford Johnson found the sayings contained in his playthings and presents from home. "There is New England," but Essex and Norfolk; Suffolk, Middlesex, Plymouth, Barnstable and Nantucket could cap nearly all his sayings without exhausting their treasury of popular proverbs. To begin, like an old-timer, with the first of the lot. Mr. Johnson does not know that all well-conducted "storms," which means "rain," "clear off" at 9 o'clock, in the morning, at noon, or at 3 o'clock, or at sunset, at midnight or at sunrise. Persists in repeating of this theory of gathering cold inhabitants of a far-off heathen wise, for only a very ingenious storm can "clear off" at a point sufficiently removed from all these points that its departure cannot be assigned to one of them. "I will always look for a 'post'." says Mr. Johnson. "The cricket never sings before the first day of August, and always sings then." New Hampshire. Western Massachusetts uses the "Rainbow in the morning" rhyme, and the like. "In the morning," it seems, unaware of the current form of the landmark's complete rhyme:

"Evening red and morning gray
Set the traveler on his way;
But evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head."

In fact, they do not seem very fastidious as to the rhythm in Berkshire. They say:

"If the rooster crows when he goes to bed,
He will get up with a wet head."

Nearer the Atlantic they sing: "When he gets up he'll wet his head," but they are no more accurate than their trans-Connexicut brethren about the sub-junctive of the first verb.

The rhymes are of English derivation, and adapted to the English seasons, are in use in one form or another all over Massachusetts, but the rhythmical eastern versions run thus:

"Mack-rel,
Not being dry;
Bring forth May flowers."

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;

But if Candlemas day bring clouds and rain,
Winter has gone, not to come again.

Candlemas day!

Half of your corn.

When the wind is in the east,
Then the sap will run the least;

When the wind is in the west,
Then the sap will run the best.

Mr. Johnson.

This is a landsman's theft from the fishing towns, where they sing the old English stave:

When the wind is in the north,
Wise men will not venture forth;

When the wind is in the east,
It's fit for a man to cast.

When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fisher's mouth;

When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Sparks fly between the teakettle and the dimwitted maid of west Massachusetts: they mean sparks of another kind to the cherry-cheeked maidens of Plymouth. "So long as the dog star reigns it will be dry weather," say the inland dwellers. "So long it will be muddy," say those living on the coast, and with both the reign of the dog star begins June 25th, in spite of all the almanacs in Christendom.

If the cat come and sit on the heart, with its back to the north, it is a sign cold weather is on the way, and the rule of the north. "Cat" is cold; cat's turned her tail to the fire," says the east, most earnestly seeking for a sign. When the fire sparkles and snaps in the west they expect wind; the east, that the fog sends sparkles out toward the northeast."

They are refined and reverential in Berkshire, and say "Grandpa long-legs," but in the east they call him "Daddy longlegs," and drop things on one of his legs, to find out whether or not it is true that he will go away and leave it. In the

days before it was discovered that these things ought not so to be, and a boy was bold enough to point a horsehair in his hand and confidently expect rattan or ruler to fly away in fragments; in the western counties the boys used to spit in their hands, and even after many trials kept their faith that the ferule would break in two at the first blow.

Mr. Johnson gives some eye-rhymes under the head of "Fortune Telling," but he omits the utterly charming

"Black eve!
Puck a pie!
Run in the house and tell a lie!"

Properly sung, that dogged will send the proudest of small brunettes to her mother crying: "I don't care," which is emphatically uttered by her mother, "I care not." When she comes forth again they will probably inform her that "black betrays you," and her mother will tell her that the saying arises from the painful visibility of a hole in a black stocking or black frock, but it seems more like a reminiscence of the Guelph and Ghibelline quarrels.

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There are many "Pudden Tame" dialogues, but one, omitted by Mr. Johnson, and his first lover, is thus: "Puddin' Tame's your name," "Pudden Tame." "A pretty little nigger name." After this come slate "Puddin' Tame" they say.

"I only want to chew tobacco,"

"If he dies, it is no matter."

is the Boston version.

There are many "Pudden Tame" dialogues, but one, omitted by Mr. Johnson, and his first lover, is thus: "Puddin' Tame's your name," "Pudden Tame." "A pretty little nigger name." After this come slate "Puddin' Tame" they say.

"I only want to chew tobacco,"

"If he dies, it is no matter."

The Boston boy, oblivious of abolition traditions, sings:

"Nigger, nigger, chew tobacco,
If you die, it is no matter."

The proper April fool rhymes to be repeated to a boy who attempts a premature or a tardy observance of the day is:

"April fool day still is coming,
And you're the biggest fool a-running.

"April fool day's gone and past,
And you're the biggest fool a-stepping."

The name rhymes, one of the afflictions of childhood, survive both in the west and in the east. Among others Mr. Johnson gives these:

"Small head,
Little wit."

is a withering comment occasionally flung at boys whose fond parents fancy their appearance Websterian, but it is not safe to use this indiscriminately. The boy who is properly instructed by his father may repeat:

"Small head,
None of it."

and cover his assailant with confusion. A small mouth indicates stinging; a large mouth, garrulousness; thin lips, bad temper, and thick lips, stupidity, so that old boys may be regarded as entirely happy.

Among the "odds" belonging to no particular class Mr. Johnson puts

"Just so many stitches as you take on about you,
Just so many lies you'll have told about you."

"Mind your clothes upon your back,
Or poverty you'll have no lack,

say the wise women of Essex.

"See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;

"See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck will you have all day."

The name rhymes, one of the afflictions of childhood, survive both in the west and in the east. Among others Mr. Johnson gives these:

"Sam, Sam,
At a clam."

Thomasas are buried by the Mother Goose column about the piper's son who stole a pig, and in remote villages of the Cape they still lacerate the souls of small Johns with:

"Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John."

Went to bed with his breeches on!

One stocking off,
One stocking on!

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John."

Little Jane
Went down the lane,

"Anne, Anne,
Stole a pan,

"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,

are still heard, and sometimes a rhyme is used, as follows:

"Ella, Ella!
Bick, stick Stela!

Both boys and girls are the victims of George-porgy,
Fuddling and pie;

but girlish ingenuity has never reached the pitch of inventing the following lines of the story. Mr. Johnson quotes:

"If you eat the crust 'twill make you
Quite contrary.

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"Ella, Ella!
Bick, stick Stela!

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Fuddling and pie;

but girlish ingenuity has never reached the pitch of inventing the following lines of the story. Mr. Johnson quotes:

"If you eat the crust 'twill make you
Quite contrary."

is the mystical form of one of Mr. Johnson's rhymes.

In Boston schools children teach one another that eating bread crust will make the hair curl; in the west they say:

"If you eat the crust 'twill make you
Quite contrary."

is the mystical form of one of Mr. Johnson's rhymes.

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"If you eat the crust 'twill make you
Quite contrary."

is the mystical form of one of Mr. Johnson's rhymes.

According to Mr. Johnson's authorities, the boy who does not fall down stairs after a year is a year old will be a fool, and it will know when it is a fool. He has been three times before it is a year old. There are still Boston nurses who insist that the child is not a fool until it falls down stairs, but the nurse who insist before it is carried down stairs, lest it should go down hill all its life, and there are still Boston mothers who insist that the child is not a fool until it falls down stairs, cutting them will make their own thumbs.

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THE SPEECH THAT GOES INTO HISTORY

It Is That Which Won a Presidential Nomination.

BRYAN'S ELOQUENT WORDS

Which Picture the Real Issues in the Campaign.

THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE IS RIGHT

And It Will Prevail—Earnest Words of the Brilliant Leader Who Bears the Democratic Standard.

Owing to the fact that in the transmission in the press report there were some omissions, The Constitution prints again the memorable speech of Hon. W. J. Bryan made to the convention in defense of the platform which was adopted. It is a speech which bears repeating, and which is worth reading and reading again. (Applause.)

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention, we will be permitted to address ourselves to you. Against the distinguished gentleman to whom you have listened if this were but a measuring of ability, but this is not a contest among persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a right cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error that they can bring. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as that of cause of liberty—the cause of humanity. (Loud applause.) When gold is demanded—a meeting will be made to lay upon the table the resolution in commendation of the administration and also the resolution in condemnation of the administration. I shall object to bringing the question down at once for a vote. The individual is but an atom; he is born, he acts, he dies, but principles are eternal, and that has been a contest of principle.

Never Such a Contest.

"Never before in the history of this country had there been presented such a contest as that through which we have passed. Never before in the history of American politics has a great issue been fought out, as this issue has been, by the voters themselves.

"On the 1st of March, 1855, a few democ-

rats, most of them members of the

state of Georgia, issued an address to the democrats of the state of Georgia:

"We Normal college Education"—Ly-

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JULY 18TH, 9:30

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land of the free you need fear no tyrant. What we need is an Andrew Jackson to stand as Jackson stood, against the encroachments of avaricious wealth. (Great applause.)

"They tell us that this platform was made to catch votes. We reply to them that changing conditions make new issues;

that the principles upon which rest democracy and justice, as ever living in the hills, but that they must be applied to new conditions as they arise. Conditions have arisen and we are attempting to meet those conditions.

"They tell us that the income tax is unconstitutional to be brought in here; that it is not unconstitutional, but that we have not criticised. We have simply called attention to what you know. If you want criticisms, look at the dissenting opinions of the court. That will give you critics.

(Applause.)

Makes a Suggestion.

"I want to suggest this truth, that if the gold standard is a good thing we ought to declare in favor of it. We are in favor of it in favor of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing why should we wait until some other nation is willing to help us to let go? (Applause.)

"After this we are to take up the issue of the coinage of the United States. My friends, we have not criticised. We have simply called attention to what you know. If you want criticisms, look at the dissenting opinions of the court. That will give you critics.

(Applause.)

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Jefferson's DOLLAR VS. SHERMAN'S DOLLAR.

Justice and Right vs. Tyranny and Robbery—The Classes vs. the Masses.

The DOLLAR VS. SHERMAN'S DOLLAR.

Jefferson's DOLLAR VS. SHERMAN'S DOLLAR.



Even society has been more or less covered this week by the all-absorbing interest centered in the great convention at Chicago, and I deeply regret I do not belong to that brilliant coterie of advanced women who know politics, and can talk and write of "Free Coinage" and "Sound Money."

As it is, I find I have failed to gather my weekly store of "lace ruffles," "amiable dispositions" and "striking personalities"; that I have failed to chronicle the fair ladies holding the winning hand at the card clubs, and neglected the essential and detailed accounts of the exact distribution of those inevitable "palms and ferns" at the several weddings of the week. Although I acknowledge I know so little of politics, I am tempted to leave off "women in society" and "women in love," and discuss the silver standard today.

I have talked about it with my sisters I have met at the "sanatorium" and "Driving Club," and I have deliberately brought about arguments on the subject with women who knew as little about it as I do, and said all sorts of funny things about "goldbugs," without knowing anything more about them than what I read in "Billville poems."

But I am absolutely positive of one thing, and that is my steadfast loyalty to the silver platform.

One of my best friends is very much provoked by me in regard to my stubborn resistance to her gold principles, but when I expressed my readiness to listen attentively to the reason why she believed in gold, her only reply was that her husband was for sound money. A younger woman, venturing to express herself at length on the subject, and to abuse me for my erroneous stand in politics, concluded by giving as her principal reason the very good one that her sweetheart was for sound money, and spoke in such a beautifully convincing way on the subject.

It did me good to laugh at both of them, and expose the fact that they were governed entirely by their sentiments in the matter, while I based my fine opinions and knowledge on the sentiments of any man, but on the sound principles spoken and written from Chicago?

What was I for? Why, the man nominated, of course—the man from Nebraska.

There was a time when I favored David Bennett Hill for president, but now that he has expressed the wrong views on the money question, I have changed my mind and anyway do not believe in putting a premium on bachelors by exalting them highly in the eyes of the world.

But we have really become so interested in the politics of the hour, I have neglected "frills," "organdies" and "bicycle meets" only long enough to find out what stand those energetic women belonging to political organizations in the country are taking in regard to the platform. A large number of women republicans, democrats and populists have come out in favor of white metal and are speaking for it, among them the women of Kansas, Colorado and Utah. California they are divided, the majority favoring silver, but the women of Wyoming are for gold.

I am sorry to see by her brilliant letters on the subject that the beautiful and clever New York Journalist, Margherita Ariana Hart, whose name and letters on all subjects pertaining to men's interests and advancement are of distinguished authority, has openly declared herself a goldbug of the most pronounced kind.

By the way the most decidedly honored

women in the politics of the day is Miss Hamm's (Mrs. William C. Fales) mother—Miss Imogene C. Fales.

She is a woman of whom you may well be proud, since she is from Baltimore, born in that city in 1830, and although three score years and ten she would pass muster any time for a woman of forty. She was descended from grand old Revolutionary stock in French, Maryland and Phillips families, while on the paternal side she is a representative of the famous noble family of the Viscounts of Vise.

She was brilliantly educated, combining every educational opportunity the constant association of her mother, who was an eminent scholar.

She has traveled extensively in the old world and new and lived a number of years in Europe. She has devoted her great wealth for thirty years to charity and the propagation of the ideas and advocates. She is an ardent disciple of

held in that city the latter part of July. Mrs. Fales in private life is very popular and her social circle is a good one, where she has a city residence, and her literary seat, at Bensonhurst, are among the literary centers of the American metropolis.

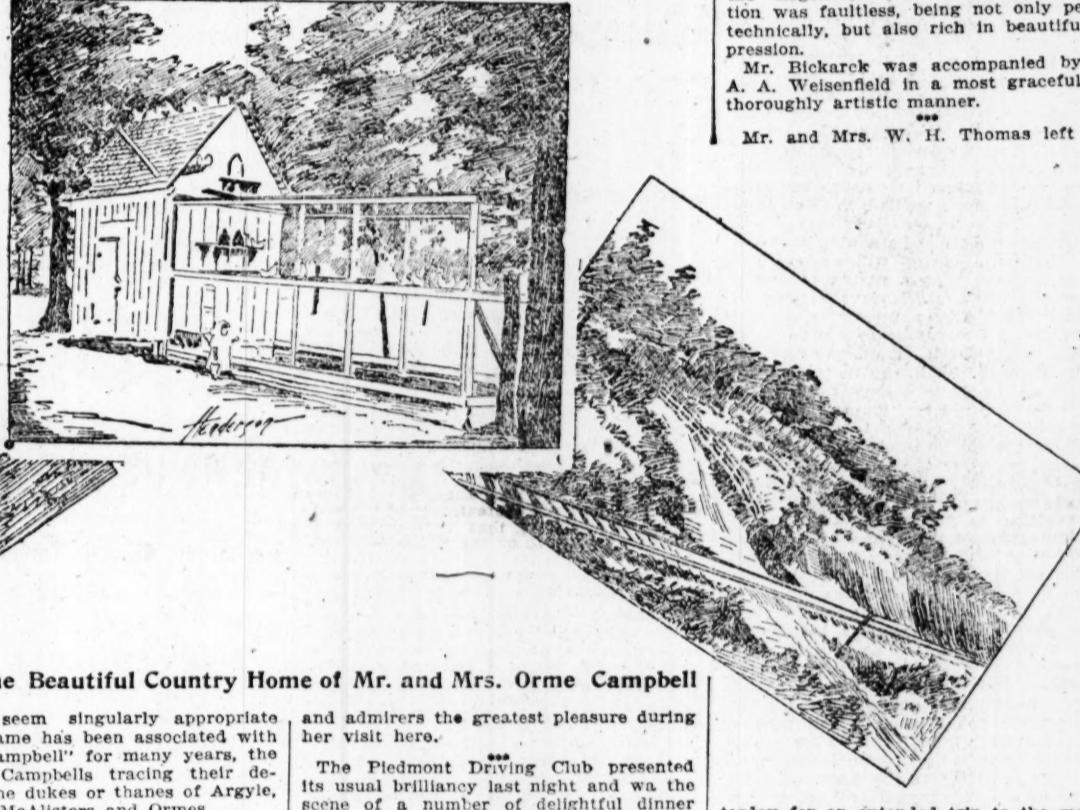
It was in her parlors that Henry George made his first speech when he came from California when he started his single tax paper. Among the literary figures of the late Mary Cooke, Dr. Mary Syms, Dr. Emma C. Fales and Charles Teixeira, she has been a prominent member of the various political organizations and was president of the Brooklyn Women's Club; vice president of Serosis; vice president of the Brooklyn Philosophical Society; president of the Williamsburg Philosophical Society, and the Woman's Press League, and president of the new art movement.

Or the beautiful and interesting home of Mr. and Mrs. Orme Campbell, more so Argyle, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Orme Campbell. In the shadow of the famous Kennesaw mountain and in a picturesque nest where so many battles have been fought, the situation and name

Robins and is a member of the North Georgia conference. Miss Thomas is an accomplished and beautiful young lady.

The picture adorning the woman's pages this morning is that of Miss Elsie Robertson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robertson, of New York city, and at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, at Brookwood.

She is possessed of an unusual and most attractive type of beauty, with a complexion too fair and exquisitely tinted to make her a brunnette, though her hair is dark and wavy and her soft expressive eyes and brown. She is tall and willowy, and in her graceful airy gowns and picturesquely hats, there is something quaint about her which is very charming. She is full of the beauties of "ye days of long ago." Although educated and living in New York, Miss Robertson has the quiet, gentle mannerisms of the ideal southern girl, and inherits the charms and accomplishments of her foremothers. The Pocahontas who were among the most aristocratic of Alabama's old families. With her many attractions, Miss Robertson possesses a charming voice that in its exquisite cultivation has afforded her Atlanta friends



Argyle, the Beautiful Country Home of Mr. and Mrs. Orme Campbell

of Argyle seem singularly appropriate since that home has been associated with the "Clay Campbell" for many years, the Ormes and Campbells tracing their descent from the names of Clay and Argyle, through the McAlister and Orme families.

There is everything about the happy life of Argyle that is that of Clay and Mrs. John Campbell in honor of Miss Robertson. The guests invited to meet her were Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Joan Clark, Mr. Clarence Angier, Mr. McCune, and Mr. Peter Grant.

Captain and Mrs. Robert J. Lowry entertained a party of twenty-four dinner guests at a most delightful evening party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. English Jr. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Inman, Mrs. Walter Taylor, Miss Dolly, Miss Edith, Mr. and Mrs. Faine and others.

Mr. Richard Hines entertained a congenial party of eight at the smaller parties, and Mrs. Eugenie C. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Peel, Judge and Miss Eddy Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Bartow Thompson, Miss Mamie Moore, Mr. Tayloe, Mr. Ball, Mr. Ryan and many others.

The many friends of Miss Nellie Wright will be delighted to hear that she was spending last night at Rockbridge.

Mr. Albert Thornton is in LaGrange visiting his mother, who is in very feeble health.

One of the prettiest views of the home of Mr. Campbell's poultry yard, with a variety of game birds, was given by Miss Jimmie Byrd last Friday evening at her residence on Capitol avenue in honor of her guest, Miss Florence Sanborn, of Newport. At the conclusion of the game the assembled guests indulged in

Last fall, when the visiting military were en route from Atlanta to Chickamauga, they were entertained at Rockbridge by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. On this occasion little Miss Isoline Campbell was voted la fille du régiment, and the incident recalled a similar event in the early family history.

Mrs. Campbell's great grandfather, Captain Ezekiel Wimberly, of Twiggs county, gave the Trout cavalry (a squadron of mountain men) an impromptu dinner on four hours' notice, as they arrived near his plantation on their return from the Cherokee country. At that time the petted daughter of the household was voted the fille du régiment.

A detailed account of the incident was told to Captain Wimberly's granddaughter by Lieutenant Holt, who participated in the famous party when she was chosen by Mrs. Campbell and in turn became the petted soldier guest of last autumn she carried out many of the old-fashioned ideas that made glorious the hospitality of antebellum days.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Shorter have returned to their home in Eufaula, Ala.

The marriage of Rev. J. T. Robins, of Bremen, and Miss Scott Thomas, of Norcross, is announced to take place at the Methodist church in Norcross, September 1st. Rev. Mr. Robins is a son of Dr. J. B.

and admirers the greatest pleasure during her visit here.

The Piedmont Driving Club presented its usual brilliancy last night and wa the scene of a number of delightful dinner parties. About seventy-five guests were entertained and the menu in its delicious selection and variety was pronounced excellent.

After dinner an informal dance was enjoyed in the ballroom of the New York building and the occasion throughout was a happy one.

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Mrs. M. C. Kiser, with her son, John F. Kiser, and her niece, Miss Elizabeth Kiser, are spending the summer at Rockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Noyes and their son, James Marshall Noyes, will spend the next month at the resorts on Lookout mountain.

Rev. Dr. John D. Hammond, president of

music and dancing, after which refreshments were served and the prizes delivered. Altogether it was one of the most enjoyable informal affairs of the season and all were charmed with Miss Byrd's accomplished guest.

Mr. Alfred Austell is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Albert Thornton, during his summer vacation.

Mrs. Rankin left last night for Tate Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Austell have been entertaining a delightful house party at their summer home.

Among the guests at a delightful home party being given by Mrs. Sam Jones, at her beautiful home in Candlerville, are Misses Amelia Roach, of Atlanta; Miss Mary Bridge, Miss Lucile Milam, Miss Eva Simpson, of Rome, and Miss Aylette, of Texas.

One of the most delightful social events of the week was the musical given on Wednesday evening by Miss Clio Prather, introducing Mr. John C. Bickack, the violinist. Mr. Bickack has very recently

arrived from Brookwood.

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Rev. Dr. John D. Hammond, president of

the Wesleyan Female college, of Macon, attended the Oxford district conference at Decatur this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Powell left Wednesday for a two weeks' stay in New Orleans, en route for their future home.

Miss Maude Francis, after a delightful visit to friends in Macon, has returned home.

Miss Anna Belle Bothwell, one of Midgley's most charming young ladies, will be the guest of Miss Maude Francis next week.

Mr. R. A. Johnson, wife and sons, will spend the month of August at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

Mr. Ligon Johnson, of the firm of Kellar & Johnson, San Antonio, Tex., is on a visit to his parents at Sweetwater Park hotel, Lithia Springs.

Miss Lulu Belle Hemphill has returned from a delightful visit to Old Point Comfort.

Governor Ligon and wife leave for Saratoga springs the coming week.

Mrs. Walter Taylor is with Captain and Mrs. Lowry at the Kimball.

Mrs. S. Isaacs, of Macon, and her two children are visiting her sister, Mrs. Simmons, of West Fair street.

Mr. James R. Holliday and Miss Marie Holliday leave today for an extended trip to northern resorts.

Miss Willie Spears is visiting friends in Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Florence Tolbert, of Eatonton, is visiting Miss Emily Walker at her home, 417 Piedmont avenue.

Miss Jeannette Simmons returned home after an extended visit to Macon, visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Miss Carrie Dottemiller, a bright little miss of Macon, is visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac S. Boyd will spend a week at the Colonial Heights hotel, Ashville, N. C.

Continued on Seventh Page.

BOWMAN BROS.

78 Whitehall Street.

Great Midsummer Sale of everything in Infants' Goods. We are Leaders in this Line and carry the only Complete Stock in the City. Three Important Offerings in Complete Infants' Sets or Outfits will be a special feature of this sale.

FIRST--Our "Popular" Set, Special, Complete, \$9.94.

2 Night Slips made of long cloth, finished with emb., 48c.....	\$.96
2 Slips trimmed in emb. for morning wear, 50c.....	.96
1 Day Slip, yoke of emb., neck and sleeves finished with emb.....	.96
1 Mull Slip, yoke emb., finished with edging, full sleeves.....	.96
2 Plain Skirts, with tucks, 48c each.....	.96
2 Plain flannel Skirts, 74c each.....	1.48
1 Nice emb. flannel Skirt.....	1.25
1 Emb. Sacque.....	.74
2 Gauze Shirts, 20c..58c; 2 bands, 10c, 38c; 2 pr. booties, 24c, 48c.....	.44
1 Set Diapers, 8 in set.....	.57

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BRING YOUR CASH AND SEE IT DO THE WORK

THIS WEEK AT 37 WHITEHALL STREET.

Good Spool Cotton, 200 yards, Spool.....	1c	Excellent quality yd-wide Bleaching.....	4½c	2x2½ yards German Linen Tablecloths.....	98c	Men's white and colored bosom \$1.00 Shirts.....	39c	1000 Ladies' Collars, slightly soiled.....	2c	1000 yards fine Lawn Suitings.....	2½c	25 pieces 40-inch fancy Mohair Dress Goods.....	19c
Good quality Sewing Spool Silk.....	1c	Best quality of Feather Ticking.....	9c	14 ream packages good quality Note Paper.....	5c	\$1.00 plain, nursing and ventilated Corsets.....	49c	1000 Ladies' Cuffs, slightly soiled, pair.....	4c	Choice of any Ladies' Untrimmed Hats.....	29c	21 pieces black figured Mohair Sicilian.....	25c
Large size spool Knitting Silk, all colors.....	1c	Best grade Zephyr Ginghams, dress styles.....	3½c	1000 yards Crepons, all shades.....	4½c	Ladies' \$1.00 Muslin Gowns and Chemise.....	49c	Full-size Mosquito Bars, umbrella frames.....	\$1.25	1000 Ladies' Untrimmed Hats, to close.....	5c	18 pieces Tassar Silks changeable styles.....	37c
Good quality of pins, and full papers.....	1c	50c fine photo frames, pretty designs.....	10c	50c all-Silk Mitts, extra heavy.....	10c	Ladies' fine white Silk, Duck and Linen Parasols.....	98c	Misses' Leghorn Flats, white and black.....	10c	40 pieces Taffeta and Dresden Silks.....	35c	40-inch high grade White Lawns.....	8½c

Cleaning Up Stock! Everything Must Go! Cost or Less than Cost Will Move Them.

E. M. BASS AND CO.



E. M. BASS AND CO.

Continued from Sixth Page.

Burnett and was one of the most enjoyable affairs in the annals of the club. The hostess, always charming and pleasant, was the life of the occasion, and her many guests were most delightfully entertained with a library party. In the decorations of the halls and parlors, as well as the arrangement of the occasion, this ball was beautifully carried out. The game was one of chance and many prizes were awarded. They were won by Misses Carrie Loue and Bessie Butler, and Mrs. M. W. Pou. The contestants were Misses Mary M. M. and Mrs. James S. Hodges. After the contest was over the most tempting viands were served, and the guests reluctantly departed to meet next month with Mrs. M. F. Atkins.

A pretty wedding occurred last Tuesday morning at the home of Mrs. L. B. Reese, where her only and beautiful daughter, Miss Anna, was united in marriage to Mr. Sherwood Rosser, a prominent business man of Eastman. The ceremony was performed in a very impressive manner by Rev. J. B. Allen, of Eatonton, and the happy young couple left for Lookout Mountain and other interesting points.

Miss Julia Martin, a most accomplished and cultured girl of Savannah, is visiting Mrs. M. A. Martin.

Misses Maudie Graham and May Giles, two lovely young ladies from Atlanta, are visiting Mrs. James T. Gresham.

Miss Anna Cleveland, of Augusta, is visiting Mr. H. H. Moore.

Miss Horace Shaw leaves in a few days for Gainesville to spend several weeks.

Miss Julia Martin, of Atlanta, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. P. V. Carbines.

Miss Marie Griffin, a fascinating young lady, who resides in Oxford, has returned to her home, after a delightful visit to friends in this place.

Visitors to the world's fair at Chicopee, the San Francisco Midwinter fair, and the Atlanta exposition, will remember the exhibition of the Libbey Glass Company. To enable every one to be sure that they are buying the genuine article, the Libbey company has placed a small sword a sword under it on every piece of glass they make.

ATLANTIANS GOOD LUCK

The Messrs. Brannah Among the Heirs to Eighty Millions.

Messrs. A. L. Brannah and I. R. Brannah, of Atlanta, have just returned from New York, where they went to consult their attorneys regarding a large interest, part of which belongs to their mother.

This article below, from The New York Herald, fully explains the case:

"Winkleshaire, Pa., July 5, 1896.—The claim of George W. Brannah, of Atlanta, Georgia, to the \$90,000 estate of Sir John Holt, lord chief justice of England, who died in 1870, was yesterday upheld by the court at West Pittston. Mrs. Hillers was seen today by a reporter and displayed, during the course of her chat, copies of the original title-deeds, Sir John Holt's original will, as contained in a file of his published in 1764, and several other important papers, which she said were given to her to authenticate the story of Mrs. Hillers' claim to a direct lineage from Sir John. Mrs. Hillers was born in 1820, and died in 1870. Three years ago she married Mr. Hiller and moved to West Pittston.

"Mrs. Hillers' husband was an old one, and many efforts have been made to find the descendants of Sir John Holt, who was a son of Rowland, brother of Sir John Holt, the first Lord Chief Justice of England.

Mr. Patterson says that the force should be run on sound principles.

NO FACTIONAL FIGHTS FOR HIM

Mr. Patterson says that the force should be run on sound principles.

When the police board meets in its next regular session a new man will have a seat in that body. The new commissioners, Mr. W. H. Patterson, will succeed Mr. W. R. Beaulieu, who recently resigned and removed to Macon.

Mr. Patterson has outlined a plan of action while a member of the police board.

He has no specific purpose in view, but says that he will work for the interest of the city, and, as far as possible, strive to better the lot of persons who can furnish proofs to this effect.

Mr. Patterson says that he will take no part in any factional fight that may arise in the police board and that he will not be governed by any element which seeks to take action not for the best interests of the entire police department.

He says that he will enter upon his duties prepared to perform them conscientiously.

He has no set purposes in view in connection with the police department," said Mr. Patterson yesterday. "It will be my endeavor to work for such plans as will add strength and efficiency to the department and to promote the service.

"I shall not take sides with factions and will vote for the right against any side. I want to see the police department raised to a standard of high efficiency and want them to be in such a position that they will perform their duties faithfully and without fear.

Should Retain Good Men.

"I favor the adoption of some good plan of civil service. I think the constant fear of being the best men in the force, for they are to be dropped from the rolls at any time, serves to cause them to take less interest in their work and to always be afraid to do their duty where it might lead them to a trial. I think that when men are afraid to do their duty, they will not do it.

Dr. Atkins To Speak.

The regular devotional meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association will be addressed by Dr. R. V. Atkinson. All men are invited.

Calloway Was Fired.

The principal in Friday night's fight on the streets of Atlanta, who was severely wounded, was smothered by Ed Cax.

He was tried in the police court yesterday.

It was shown that Calloway had started a fire and was fined \$7.50.

Cox and Kinnibrew were fined \$7.50.

Officer Crissell Returns.

Calloway, J. A. Crissell, of the local police force, has returned to the city, after a five days' leave of absence, in which he has been in Athens.

He is now back on the old family burial ground in Suwanee.

For HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

A Negro Secured \$5 from a Woman by Force Last Night.

Joe Harris, a large negro, was arrested by Detective Crawford last night and locked up in the station house on the charge of highway robbery.

Harris, a negro man under the railroad bridge on Butler street about 7 o'clock last night, when he attacked and robbed her of nearly \$5. She reported that she was walking home when she met him.

He was severely beaten and was taken to the hospital.

The woman swore out a warrant for his arrest and he was held without bail.

The woman secured \$5 from the man.

He was held without bail.

Dougherty & Murphy.

74-76 WHITEHALL ST.

Extraordinary Bargains in Wash Goods and Shirt Waists. Any Shirt Waist in stock for one-half price. All Wash Goods at actual cost. We are offering special inducements to the closest buyers in every department. COME AND SEE, AND WE WILL NOT DISAPPOINT YOU.

Colored Dress Goods.

We are Going to Reduce Our Stock of Colored Goods if Low Prices Cut Any Figure.

50¢ yard—Imported Novelty Suits that were \$10 and \$15 each have been marked per yard at less than half what they cost. Think of it, these Suits being sold at this sacrifice.

39¢—For 75c figured Brilliantines. 39¢—For 39-inch Novelty Dress Goods.

49¢—For 45-inch English Serge, was 75c.

25¢—For 38-inch all-wool Serge, any color.

Linings.

We sell the best of Linings at the lowest prices.

3½¢—Best Skirt Cambric made.

10¢—For Splendid Silesia.

7¢—For Grass Cloths.

12½¢—For all-linen Canvas.

7¢—For Barred or Plain Crinoline.

6½¢—For good Drilling.

8¢—For best Wiggin.

12½¢—For Two-faced Percaline or Silesias.

8¢—For box with 3 cakes of Brown's Buttermilk Soap.

Table Linens.

These are Rare Bargains.
39¢—For all-linen half bleached Table Damask, this sale.

68¢—For 5½ yard bleached Table Damask, 2 yards wide.

34¢—For Turkey red, oil-boiled Table Linen that was 50c yard.

15¢—to dozen large Huck Towels, all linen; they are worth 25¢ each.

80—500 large Turkish Towels; they were 20c.

50—25 dozen extra large Cotton Towels, sold everywhere for 10c each.

25¢—For a knotted fringed Towel, good size, that was 39c.

40¢—Will buy any Towel in stock that was 50c and 75c.

Silks. We have resorted to Cut Prices to do the work.

Our Stock Must Be Reduced.

79¢—For \$1.25 and \$1.50 black brocaded Silks and Satins.

15¢—For 30 plain and figured China Silks.

98¢—For \$1.30 27-inch black Peau de Soie Silk.

49¢—75¢ black Surah and China Silks.

39¢—50c black and colored China Silks.

Upholstery and Drapery Goods.

20¢—All of our plain Denims that were 20c yard.

20¢—35c Figured Denims.

12½¢—36-Inch wide Silkalline, in plain and pretty designs.

15¢—Tinsel Netting, all colors.

20 pieces of Dotted Swiss for Curtains on tables at a big reduction.

15¢—36-Inch wide Swiss.

Mattings and Rugs.

\$3.98 now for roll of 40 yards of good China Matting that was 55¢ a roll.

19¢—20 yard Japanese Cotton Warp Matting.

18¢—For 25c yard jointless Matting.

Prices on all our Skin, Smyrna and Floquette Rugs have been cut 33½%.

Black Dress Goods

These Are Some of Our Leaders.

87¢ now—Priestley's 44-Inch black brocaded Novelties, worth \$1.25.

59¢—46-Inch black figured Jacquards, full 46 inches wide, that were 75¢ yard.

39¢—38-Inch black figured Mohairs, in pretty patterns, usual price 50c.

29¢ now—40-Inch black plain Brilliantine that was 50c.

25¢ now—Black all-wool Serge, 38 inches wide, that was 35c.

39¢—See our 46-Inch all-wool English Serge we are selling for 39c.

Gents' Furnishings.

5¢—Odd lot 1900 Linen Collars.

24¢—French Balbriggan Undershirts, the 45c ones.

12¢—4-ply all-linen Cuffs, 12c per pair.

Parasols.

Less Than Half Price.

White, Pongee Silk and Linen Effect Parasols. Note these prices.

69¢—Parasols that were \$1.50, now 69¢.

\$1.00—\$2.50 Parasols cut to \$1.00.

\$1.50—\$3.50 Parasols are now \$1.50.

Fruit of the Loom Bleaching, yard wide, any quality, 6½c.

3¾c yd. will sell 1 case Bleached Crash Toweling, worth 10c yard.

50c for 10 yards best quality of Bird's Eye Cotton Diaper.

5c yard for French Lawns, in pretty patterns, worth 8½c.

Shirt Waists.

One-Half Price.

39¢—70c Waists, now 39¢.

49¢—\$1 Shirt Waists go for 49¢.

74¢—\$1.69 Waists marked 74¢.

98¢—\$1.98 Waists will be sold for 98¢.

\$1.24—\$2.25 and \$3 Shirt Waists cut to \$1.24.

Buy now, for they will soon go at these cut prices.

Wash Goods.

Prices have been knifed in this department regardless of cost.

33¢—7½c Checked Nainsook.

40¢—White Organdie, 2 yards wide, that was 50c yard.

50¢—12c French Dimities, pretty patterns and good colors.

8½c—20 pieces of Crepon, in evening shades, was 12½c yard.

15¢—39c yard Dotted Swiss, all colors, have been marked to close them out to 15c.

8½c—Organzies and Grass Linens that were 12½c and 15c yard.

29¢—Swivel Silk or Silk Ginghams that were 30c yard.

Gents' Furnishings.

5¢—Odd lot 1900 Linen Collars.

24¢—French Balbriggan Undershirts, the 45c ones.

12¢—4-ply all-linen Cuffs, 12c per pair.

Parasols.

Less Than Half Price.

White, Pongee Silk and Linen Effect Parasols. Note these prices.

69¢—Parasols that were \$1.50, now 69¢.

\$1.00—\$2.50 Parasols cut to \$1.00.

\$1.50—\$3.50 Parasols are now \$1.50.

75¢—Best quality of Scriven's Drawers.

21¢—Misses' Corsets.

Corsets.

In Corsets We Handle all the Leading Brands, and Sell Them at Popular Prices.

35¢—We are selling a 50c Corset, made of best Corset Jeans and nicely finished.

Our 50c Ventilated Corset is as good as any 75c Corset sold elsewhere.

75¢—R. & G. Corset.

\$1.00—Warren & Thompson's Corsets.

15¢—Misses' Corsets.

21¢—Misses' Corsets.

Handkerchiefs.

5¢—For Ladies' 12½c India Linen Handkerchiefs.

15¢—Ladies' 19c embroidered Handkerchiefs.

24¢—45c heavy embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs.

5¢ now—Men's large cambric Handkerchiefs that were 10c.

15¢—For Gents' 20c All Linen Handkerchiefs.

We Will Be

considerably torn up for a few days remodeling our store, but if you have any old gold or silver to dispose of, send or bring it in as usual.

Julius R. Watts & Co.

Jewelers, 67 Whitehall

FOR RENT.

By C. H. Girardeau, 8 E. Wall St.

Central store, 12 W. Mitchell st., ... \$50 month.

1st fl.—W. Mitchell st., ... \$50 month.

3rd fl.—Hotel Trinity and Forsyth, 125 Upper floor, 104 W. Mitchell st. hotel light, ... \$100 month.

10c.—22 Auburn ave., ... \$50 month.

10r. h.—Cooper street, July 6th, ... \$50 month.

8r. h.—66 Highland avenue, ... \$20 month.

8r. h.—66 Irwin street, ... \$20 month.

7r. h.—111 Ivy street, ... \$20 month.

7r. h.—111 Peachtree street, ... \$20 month.

7r. h.—24 Piedmont avenue, ... \$20 month.

6r. h.—131 Simpson street, ... \$20 month.

6r. h.—91 Hood street, ... \$20 month.

Landlords, bring your in your property have it rented and rents collected.

C. H. GIRARDEAU.

FOR RENT.

Large 14-room 3-story brick house, near

in on Spring street. All modern improvements, gas, water, bath, bump, waiters, etc. Can give desirable tenant bargain in above house. For further particulars, address F. O. Box 83, city.

WANTED—both sides of

land. In Philadelphia.

WANTED—land or building.

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Colored Silk Gloves,
50c Pair.

Kayser patent finger tips; the kind where the fingers wear as long as the Glove. The 75c grade in tans, modes, browns and grays.

Black Silk Gloves,
25c Pair.

All silk and guaranteed fast black, closely woven and good quality.

Hand Embroidered Handk'fs, 10c Each.

All linen, good linen, hemstitched and embroidered by hand in several tasty designs; unlaundered and just as they come from the hands of European peasants who work them. Actually worth double this price.

Sheer Linen Handk'fs,
15c Each.

Dainty, fine, all pure linen. Finished soft and ready for use. Ladies' size, hemstitched in 3-width hems, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hems. Same as sold the world over at 25c each.

\$1.25 Ladies and Men's Umbrellas, 98c Each.

Made of imported English glass, 26 inch size, with Dresden, mourning or hard wood handles. Big crook or straight hard wood handles in the men's styles. Special closing sale of a lot of odd kinds.

Soda Water,
Ice Cream and
Phosphates, 5c.

You pay 5c at our fount for Soda and Ices, made from pure fruit syrups and fresh fruits.

We Are Agents for Standard Patterns

Now recognized as the foremost paper patterns. Strictly up to date. Economical and simple. Fashion sheets free at the notion counter.

Linen-Bound Books,
21c each, 5 for \$1.

Some one hundred and eighty titles. Standard and popular authors. Printed in clear, readable type on good paper and bound in best English linen buckram. Really surprisingly good books, and worth 50c each at book stores.

Cloth-Bound Books at 10c

The Gem Series, 16 mo., 50 standard titles. Books usually sold at 25c each.

A Great 25c Line of Books.

200 titles, including standard books, popular books, just such books as should be included in every library; bound in best English cloth, gilt tops, and printed on good paper. If out of town; write for list of titles.

Books in Sets, 98c Set.

Complete 5-volume sets of Macaulay, Victor Hugo, Covelli, Conan Doyle, Cooper, etc., well bound in cloth, gold titles.

Writing Paper,
15c pound.

You usually pay 15c quire for same grade. Smooth, plate finish, ruled or plain. Pound contains about four to four and one-half quires.

Square Envelopes,
5c package

To match our Dixie Cream Paper, at 15c pound. Same grade never sold less than 10c by stationers.

Box of Linen Paper, 10c.

Containing quire of Linen Writing Paper and Envelopes to match, 25c worth in every box.

35c Exposition Paper,
15c Box.

With or without the pictures on; made to sell at 50c; our price was 35c box. Box has quire of finest wedding stock paper, and envelopes to match.

D. T. & D. Watermark Paper, 25c Pound.

Made by the ton to our order. D. T. & D. trademark in every sheet. Smooth or rough finish, best linen paper, and ruled or plain; size to suit. Better paper is not sold at 25c quire.

Watermark Envelopes,
25c Box.

Put up to match our watermark linen paper, handsomely embossed boxes, same as the paper. 100 in a box.

Laundry Soap,

10 Bars for 25c. Big full size Laundry Soap made in hundred box lots specially to our order. Everybody comes back for it.

Half Pound Package Ceylon Tea, 23c.

Imported and packed specially for D. T. & D. selling. Twice as much is usually charged for this grade.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, 79c.

Webster's original edition, unabridged. Think of such a book for this price.

Shakspeare's Works Complete, 63c.

A book of more than 4,000 pages, well and strongly bound, for this small sum.

George Elliot, Six Volumes, \$1.63.

Complete set in six volumes, handsomely bound in English cloth and boxed.

Striped Linen Batistes, 33c Yard.

Those dainty colored striped linen Batistes, linen grounds. The favorite fine wash goods of the sea-

French Organies, 15c Yard.

The best grade, the 40c grade, black grounds with colored flowers. Limited line to close quick at this nominal price.

Colored Dress Ducks, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ c yard.

Figured Cotton Ducks in light and medium grounds. Bought to retail at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c yard. Never less than 10c. Now at this price to close.

18c Zephyr Ginghams, 5c yard

Every woman in Atlanta has paid 18c for this same grade; soft and smooth texture; good styles. This price is named to close our line in short order.

10c White India Linen, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ c yard

Fine sheer quality, as good as any in the land for 10c yard. Only enough for a few days' selling.

White Plaid Lawn, 5c yard

Sheer fine plaid Lawns; better were never sold for 10c yard. End of season price is named now. Put this item on your memo.

34-inch Sheer India Linen, 15c yard

Good merchants sell this grade and call it cheap enough at 25c yard. Ours comes direct from the makers. You pay only one profit. You will appreciate it when you see it.

Soft Check Nainsook, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c yard

Women familiar with this material know how to appreciate it. It contains no dressing. You can see the goods as it actually is. Just the same as we have sold at 20c yard.

12 yard bolt Long Cloth \$1.20

Costing no more per yard than a first-class bleached domestic. Best goods made for women's fine undergarments and infants' and children's wear. Soft and fine like Jones cambric.

2-Yard-Wide Table Damask, 65c Yard.

Half bleached, guaranteed all pure linen, made specially to our order for our own trade and known to be all right. In a regular way we could not sell this grade under 85c yard.

Satin Damask, Bleached, 75c Yard.

Made for us, new patterns and strong, smooth quality. A really good and reliable Damask, selling always at \$1.00 yard.

Napkins to Match Linens, \$1.75 Dozen.

Good $\frac{1}{2}$ size Napkins to match our great 75c linens. These are \$2.50 quality.

Double Huck Towels, 23c Each.

Extra heavy, all linen, fringed or plain hem, size 21x42. A great big towel for a small amount of money.

Hemmed Sheets, 75c Pair.

Single bed size, of good quality sheeting, hemmed ready for use.

Double Bed Sheets, \$1.00 Pair.

Made of Pepperell grade sheeting, size cut 8x90, nicely hemmed. Torn so that they will be straight when washed.

Art Squares, 3x3 Yards, \$3.50.

Reversible, fringed, good heavy quality and attractive patterns.

Still Making Skirts Free!**DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVISON**

61 WHITEHORN ST.
42 TO 50 S. BROAD ST.

MAIL ORDERS
GET PROMPT ATTENTION.

... YOU can scarcely find a store anywhere that presents a worthier or more varied list of attractions than does this one. Claims amount to nothing, except when backed up by facts. This store is always better than it says it is.

Pillow Cases 25c Pair,

Made up and ready for use. Size for good sleeping Pillow; grade to match Sheets.

Marseilles Quilts, \$1.25.

Marseilles Quilts, full double bed size, heavy, very heavy, and the kind of quilt you can't wear out \$1.75, they should be.

Our Famous Crochet Quilt, 98c.

Eleven-quarter size. We are sure a better quilt was never sold for \$1.25. Closely made, assorted patterns.

Japanese Gold Drapery 15c yard.

In artistic color printings with gilt figures. Specially select line of patterns in Art Needle section.

New Silkalines 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c yard

The best grades, ought to be 15c yard, 36 inches wide. Choice lot of new patterns.

Figured Art Denims 25c yard.

Now so popular for Drapery, Furniture Covering, Couch Covers, Floor Cushions, Sofa Pillows, etc.; any color combination.

Stamped Linen Center Pieces 25c.

18 inch square Stamped Center Pieces, our own exclusive designs, on round thread Art Linen or very fine quality.

Stamped Linen Doilies 5c each.

8 inches square, stamped on round thread, art linen, dainty and charming designs.

New Bulgarian Embroidery,

Specially adapted for sofa pillows and table covers. Commended pieces to be seen in Art Section, with all accessories.

Large Spools Knitting Silk, 5c.

All colors, remarkably good quality Silk, and it costs no more than a spool of cotton.

Wide Persian Ribbon, 35c Yard.

All sorts and colors, widths up to 5 inches. Been priced in stock up to 85c yard.

\$6.90 Pattern Suits and

The skirt we will make free. This lot includes Suits worth \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$20.00. Choicest things brought to this country. You buy the pattern, we make the skirt free and you have the goods to make the waist.

Black Figured Solie, 65c yard.

The most popular material in the Mohair family—just the fabric for our own trade and known to be all right. In a regular way we could not sell this grade under 85c yard.

China Covered Dishes 98c Each

Worth \$1.75 in a regular way; Leonard's Vienna China, a sample line. Big lot of different shapes and decorations.

Dress Skirts to Order \$4.50.

On a special Dress Goods Sales Table we show an assortment of some 100 pieces desirable Dress goods materials in Scotch mixed effects, Homespuns, small checks, Bourette suiting, Granite Cloths, etc., all adapted to the purpose. From any among them we will make a stylish skirt to order on our set of findings No. 1—Total cost to you including work and all materials is included in figures mentioned.

Skirts to Order, \$5.25 Each.

From any of our dollar-a-yard materials, except black and solid shades. In this dollar line we have included a lot of materials that have been selling all season at \$1.50 and \$2. We furnish our set of linings, No. 1, make up any of these materials into a stylish skirt and the total cost is only \$5.25.

Double Bed Sheets, \$1.00 Pair.

Made of Pepperell grade sheeting, size cut 8x90, nicely hemmed. Torn so that they will be straight when washed.

Art Squares, 3x3 Yards, \$3.50.

Reversible, fringed, good heavy quality and attractive patterns.

Ladies' Oxfords, \$1.25 Pair.

The \$2.00 sort of Oxfords, and 3-button low Shoes, common sense and pointed toes. On special counter Shoe section.

Ladies Hand-Sewed Oxfords, \$2.00.

Just the kind you see everywhere at \$3.00 pair. Choice of everything we have in stock, including all the new lasts and new toes.

Men's Hand-Sewed Shoes, \$1.75 Pair.

\$3.00 of solid worth in every pair. Lace or congress. Widths and toes to suit.

Men's \$5 Shoes At \$3 pair.

Calf, Vici Kid and Kangaroo, Lace and Congress, and in black and tan, all the new toes included.

Boys' Shoes \$1.25 Pair.

Boys' Calf Lace Shoes, Pointed cap toe, well worth \$1.75 pair.

Gold Band Plates 10c Each.

Tea Plates of fine white China, with gold bands, worth double this price.

English Porcelain Dinner Sets \$14.

Fine English Porcelain Dinner Sets, attractive new shapes, decorated in gold lines and tracings and delicate green, 100 pieces in set.

White Porcelain Dinner Sets \$10.

K. T. & K. White Porcelain, new Albany pattern, beautiful goods, 100 pieces to set.

White Granite Dinner Sets \$7.

K. T. & K. White Granite, the standard for this country, 100 piece Dinner Set for \$7.

Cobalt Blue Dinner Sets for \$10.

Blue Tableware is much in demand. This is the correct thing. K. T. & K. make. 100 piece set for \$10.

Vienna China Dinner Sets \$13.98.

New Spring pattern, entirely new and very dainty decorations.

KEELY COMPANY

Clearance Sale Summer Goods!

Genuine Merrimack
Shirting Prints
3½c
Clearance Price
TEN CASES
Assorted Ginghams
3½c
Worth Double
Dress Styles
Zephyr Ginghams
5c
Were Ten Cents
Sixty Pieces
Cotton Crepes
5c
To Close Out
Pancy Printed
Scotch Piques
7½c
Clearance Price
Ladies'
Black Silk Mitts
19c
Were 35 Cents
Gents'
Under Balbriggs
65c Suit
Were 1 Dollar
Ladies'
Corset Covers
14c
Were 25 Cents
Immense Lot Swiss
Embroidered Edges
2½c Yd
Ought to be 10c
Black French
45-Inch Serges
25c
Others want 40c
Black Figured
MOHAIRS
21c
Were 39 Cents
KAIKAI
WASH SILKS
15c
Were a Quarter
Cable Corded
Habutai Silks
21c
Were 40 Gents
56-Inch all-Linen
Cream Damask
25c
Good value 35c
60-Inch Turkey Red
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22½c
40 Gents Worth

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SCOTCH GINGHAM, the gen-
uine kind, some were 20c, others
were 25c..... 12½c
ENGLISH MADRAS—The real
goods for Ladies' Outing Shirts,
Clearance price..... 12½c
FRENCH ZEPHYRS—These are
in the finest qualities, daintiest
patterns..... 12½c
60-Inch Turkey Red
Fast Damask
22½c
40 Gents Worth

LINEN
Hem Huck Towels
45x24 21c
Cant match 'em, Worth 20 Cents

Will distribute desirable goods at prices, in many cases, half their usual worth. Every item of Summer Stuff has been priced.

Clearance Sale of Wash Goods!

Reduction Sale of Shirt Waists!

Closing Sale of all Our Carpets!

Riddance Sale of all Our Silks!

Come early! Come often! Bargains will confront you on every hand! The character of the goods offered is to be considered. These are not odds and ends of trash, nor the leavings of early season mistakes. No junk! No trash! But the latest and best of the Summer stocks at

CLEARANCE PRICES!

Clearance Sale Waists, Separate Skirts and Suits.

NOW FOR WAISTS AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

850 WAISTS

Of Percales, Batistes, Linens, Bishop sleeves, full fronts and rolling collars..... 39c

625 WAISTS

Fancy figured and striped Batistes and Lawns, Bishop sleeves, rolling collars, full fronts, were \$1.00..... 65c

220 WAISTS

Of Persian Dimity, also in Mourning effects, detachable collars, extra sleeves and full fronts, were \$1.50..... 98c

25 SUITS

Of Checks and Stripes, in light and dark effects, were Three dollars..... \$1.98

32 SUITS

Of Linen Homespun, and Linen Batiste, braided, lace inserted, also embroidered, were up to \$7.50..... \$4.98

Hosiery Specials.

250 dozen Men's and Child's Hose, black and tan, full regular, all sizes, 19c to 30c... 10c

Ladies' fast black, 40-gauge, full regular, spliced heel and toe, were 25c..... 19c

Ladies' Lisle, both black and tan, Richelien ribbed, were up to 49c..... 25c

Gentlemen's Sox, immense line of tans, drabs and modes, were up to 50c..... 21c

\$1.19 For Choice of 50 Duck Suits, Were \$2.00 \$1.19

Clearance Sale of Fine Wash Goods.

The great sales of last week depleted some of our popular lines of 12½ cents Wash Goods, but for this week's sale we have added hundreds of pieces of Foreign Washable Fabrics, which were 19c, 25c and 35c per yard. They all go in at the uniform price of **Twelve and a half cents a yard**.

PRINTED ORGANIES—Foreign Cloths, American printed, some people advertise them as French at 20c..... 12½c

CHANTILLY GAUZE—Striped Lace, in beautiful colorings, overprinted in Persians..... 12½c

FRENCH ZEPHYRS—These are in the finest qualities, daintiest patterns..... 12½c

DOMESTIC DIMITIES—Exclusive styles..... 12½c

LAPPET LAWNS—Dotted Swiss grounds, with dainty color paintings..... 12½c

AMERICAN BATISTE—Forty inches wide. Sheer Cloth, printed in Shirt Waist styles..... 12½c

MOURNING STYLES—Now so scarce in every one of these desirable fabrics..... 12½c

LINEN	SHEER	WHITE	Eleven-Quarter	Eleven-Quarter	GENUINE	GENUINE
Hem Huck Towels	White Dimities	Irish Dimities	Imported Marseilles	Marseilles Quilts	Bates 11-4 Quilts	Irish Dimities
45x24 21c	12½c	15c	\$1.98	98c	89c	17½c
Cant match 'em, Worth 20 Cents	Worth 25 Cents	Worth Two Fifty	Were One Fifty	Worth \$1.25	Worth One Fifty	See Windowful

An Opportunity Sale of Carpets!

Two weeks more will be given to the sale of the Corbett stock! The rush during the past ten days for Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleums and Curtains has been due to the genuine bargains offered. This week the same low prices will be the rule....

M. RICH & BROS

THE LAST WEEK

OF THE SALE!

Greater Values Than Ever!

The contract for Remodeling the store is signed—Carpenters, etc., commence work Monday morning in the rear of the store. Come for Big Bargains, we want to get the goods away out of the dust and dirt of the builder AT ANY SACRIFICE.

FOR RENT—One entire building, 3 floors that is now a part of our Furniture warerooms, fronting on Hunter Street, No. 14 Hunter Street; will rent in connection with our store or otherwise....

WE WILL NOT HAVE THE Auction Sale

In our Furniture and Carpet Department as was intended at first, but have decided to sell the balance of the goods at less than an auctioneer would get for them—saving the Auctioneer's commission and other expense attached to an auction sale will enable us to show you goods this

THE LAST WEEK

at prices never before seen in Atlanta. Carpenters, etc., to be at work Monday and the

GOODS MUST GO!

While our stock is not heavy now, there are a great many things to sell this week.

THERE ARE

Just a Few Different Styles of

Rockers, Oak Tables,

Brass Trimmed Iron Beds,

Solid Oak Bed Room Suits,

Solid Oak Sideboards

and Book Cases,

ALL-SILK UMBRELLAS

\$2.98

Were 5 Dollars

ONE THOUSAND BELTS

15c each

Were 25 to 50c

SOLID WAIST SETS

10c

With Belt Pin

SUPERFINE PEARL BUTTONS

5c dozen

Worth 10 Cents

ALL-WOOL CHALLIES

21c

Were 35 to 45c

3½-YARD LACE CURTAINS

\$1.19

Were One Fifty

72-in. Fringed Ends

BRUSSELS RUGS

75c

Worth One Fifty

GENUINE IRISH DIMITIES

17½c

See Windowful

SILKS

AND

DRESS GOODS.

This is the week for Bargains in these lines—all the prices are again knifed with the hope of making the stock very light before the Carpenters reach these Departments. COME AND SEE THE BIG VALUES WE OFFER YOU.

M. Rich & Bros., WHITEHALL ST.

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THE POPULISTS ARE SATISFIED

Bryan and Sewall Will Get Their Support in Georgia.

THE MEETING AT GIBSON

Hon. William Walden, Chairman, Made a Speech.

N WHICH HE GAVE OUT AN INTIMATION

That the St. Louis Convention Would Endorse the Platform Adopted at Chicago.

Gibson, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The populists of Glascow held a mass meeting at the courthouse today. They elected delegates to the gubernatorial convention. A resolution was adopted reaffirming their allegiance to the Omaha demands and pledging individual support to the populist nominees.

Hon. William Walden, chairman of the party, and who has represented the county for the last two terms in the legislature, made a very conservative speech, in which he said: "The democrats have put the demands of the people in their Chicago platform and if our leaders who will in a short time gather at St. Louis, ratify the democratic platform and endorse the democratic nominees, I will fall in line and give Bryan and Sewall my heartiest support. Mr. Walden thought it probable that such an action would be taken by the populist national convention.

HARDEMAN RENOMINATED.

"Uncle Bob" Gets a Large Majority Over Mr. Hays.

Covington, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—Newton county held the regular democratic primary today, all of the old county officers were renominated, with the exception of coroner.

Mr. Richard B. Brown was nominated to fill this place instead of Mr. J. F. McCord. For United States senate, Hon. C. F. Crisp, for congress, Hon. L. F. Livingston; for state senate, Dr. J. A. Stewart.

The most interest was manifested in reference to the race for the legislature. In this race Hon. Robert U. Hardeman was nominated over Mr. A. N. Hays by a majority of over 450 votes.

Uncle Bob is without doubt as good and as capable a man as could be found in all Georgia to fill this honorable office, and Newton will be justly proud of her next representative, who would make an excellent speaker of the house.

There is only one precent yet to be heard from, but this vote will not make any material change.

RATIFICATION AT ATHENS.

Clarke County Democrats Endorse the Ticket and Platform.

Athens, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The convention of Clarke county, in a convention assembled, today endorsed the nomination of Hon. William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, and Arthur Sewall, of Maine.

The majority of those present were gold standard advocates, and the Clarkians for the first time by its recent vote nevertheless, the vote to endorse Bryan was unanimous, and was indicative of the earnest support he will receive at the hands of the democracy of Clarke county.

Georgia was the first state to nominate Bryan and Clarke county the first in the United States to ratify his nomination.

After the passage of these resolutions, a resolution endorsing the administration of President Cleveland was introduced and passed. The "new" democracy "welcomes the coming and speeds the parting guest" of the white house.

Eighth District Convention.

Hon. W. D. O'Farrell, chairman of the eighth district executive committee, has issued the following call:

"Athens, Ga., July 11, 1886.—The eighth district executive committee, convened to consider the return of yesterday's primaries, will be held at Madison, Ga., Tuesday, July 22d, at noon, for the purpose of nominating a congressional candidate for this district. Standing executive committee requested to notify members of committee and papers in district requested to copy this call."

Delegates Selected.

The democrats selected the following delegates to cast the vote of Clarke county for Hon. W. M. Bennett, of Oglethorpe, to be held at Madison, on the 22d instant.

Messrs. George Blumenthal, W. T. Witcher, E. M. Youngkin, W. W. D. O'Farrell, George C. Thomas, C. V. Cowley, Clarence Daniel, C. T. Young, E. H. Klinebrew, T. S. Methvin, S. J. Tribble, J. F. Foster, J. Y. Southern, G. H. Palmer, H. K. Kinnebrew, P. F. Rhodes and R. W. Lamkin.

Delegates to the senatorial convention that meets at Macon, Friday, were chosen as follows to cast the vote of Clarke county: Hon. A. Stewart, chairman; Messrs. Morris, J. S. Cowley, T. W. Reed, J. F. Foster, J. M. Kennedy, W. W. D. O'Farrell, S. J. Tribble, W. J. McDaniel, H. H. Hodges, and J. Rhodes.

A resolution introduced by Hon. R. W. Bennett, of Athens, a delegate to the Chicago convention, notifying him of the ratification of Bryan's nomination by the Clarke county democrats.

The people here are thoroughly of the opinion that Bryan is the best man to be chosen, and applaud the work of the convention in naming him.

TWENTY-THIRD DISTRICT.

Hon. C. G. Gray Nominated for the State Senate.

Fort Valley, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The convention was called to order by Hon. A. Mathewson, who was president by the election of Dr. Joseph Palmer, of Houston, as chairman, and P. B. Gottin, of Taylor, for secretary. On motion of Hon. B. W. Sandford, of Crawford, the convention took a recess for five minutes to nominate a member of the state executive committee. The following was the report:

From Crawford, Dr. T. G. Champion, R. L. Dickey, L. A. McCarty, A. J. Causey and A. J. Johnson; from Houston, C. C. Richardson, Dr. S. D. Smith, C. H. Thompson, Dr. J. B. Edge, W. P. West, J. W. Bentz, H. Mathews, F. Gray, L. H. Hodges, and J. Merpe from Taylor, J. N. Mitchell, A. D. Byrd, F. Mathews, J. C. Griffith and Charles Goodworth. The report was unanimous received.

The name of Hon. C. G. Gray was put in nomination by C. H. Richardson, of Houston, and his nomination was seconded by Hon. B. W. Sandford, of Crawford, and P. B. Griffith, of Taylor.

On motion the chair appointed Mr. R. Montfort, of Taylor, and Hon. B. W. Sandford, of Crawford, to notify Mr. Gray of his nomination.

Delegates to Convention—Hon. F. O. Miller, J. B. Edge, Willis Franklin, Jerry Davis, S. J. Hose, J. L. Subanks, C. C. Richardson, Dr. Joseph Palmer, J. G. Leverett, C. J. Dupree; from Crawford, T. G. Book Co., of Peachtree, Georgia.

G. Champion, W. J. Wallace, R. L. Dickey, M. W. Sandford and L. A. McCarty; from Taylor, R. Montfort, Hugh Neisler and P. B. Griffith.

The following resolution was adopted:

"Be it Resolved, by the democratic convention of the twenty-third district, that we cordially recommend the Hon. C. G. Gray to the senators of the state for present or of that body, believing him fitly qualified to represent his district position to the entire satisfaction of that body and with honor to himself and to his constituents."

A motion was made and carried that the executive committee meet at once, after adjournment.

A motion was made and carried that the district papers be requested to publish the proceedings.

The executive committee met according to request of the convention and organized by the election of Colonel F. A. Mathews, chairman, and Dr. J. W. Overstreet, vice-chairman.

A motion prevailed that seven be a quorum.

The papers of the district were requested to publish the proceedings.

BRINSON NOMINATED

For the Senate from the Seventeenth District.

Millen, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The democratic senatorial convention for the seventeenth senatorial district, comprising the counties of Bullock, Burke and Screven, assembled today in Millen at the Millen hotel.

Following were the delegates: For Burke, Judge Perry, Solicitor General W. H. Davis, Captain W. M. Fulcher, J. T. Reeves, George F. Cox and Elias Daniel; for Bullock county, Harris Olive and DeLoach.

For Screven county, J. W. Overstreet, attorney, and H. C. Brinson, of Waynesboro.

Colonel J. W. Overstreet acted as temporary chairman and Harris Olive, of Bullock county, as secretary.

Colonel J. W. Overstreet moved that E. R. Brinson be nominated for the state senator from the same district.

The executive committee decided definitely of a very strong silver hue, which became stronger by the surprising declaration of Col. J. W. Overstreet, who had haled Judge Perry, of Waynesboro, that he is a converted goldbug, which was understood.

Colonel J. W. Overstreet acted as temporary chairman and Harris Olive, of Bullock county, as secretary.

With great acclamation the convention adjourned at noon.

With the exception of the Chicago platform, which was proposed by Judge Perry.

The convention adjourned with cheers for the young standard bearer, W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska.

Thus the first silver cannon ball was fired in Screven, Bullock and Burke counties.

THOMAS G. HUDSON NAMED

As the Democratic Candidate for the Senate from the Thirteenth.

Athens, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The convention of the thirteenth senatorial district, composed of the counties of Sumter, Macon and Schley, met in Americus today for the purpose of nominating a candidate for state senator. The delegation was composed of representatives of citizens and negroes, and the negroes were in the majority. Col. J. A. Ansley, of Sumter, presided over the convention.

The name of Hon. Thomas G. Hudson, of Americus, was presented, his nomination being unanimous. Mr. Hudson had previously served his county in the house and was a member of the 15th district which will make an enviable record in the senate.

PRIMARY FOR UNION

To Nominate Legislative and County Candidates.

Blairstown, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The democratic executive committee has organized a primary election to nominate candidates for the legislature and county officers on August 12th. M. L. Ledford, McGill, Caldwell and J. Y. Walker are all candidates for the senate; J. V. Lance and Dr. E. M. Youngkin, for congress; and Dr. W. W. D. O'Farrell, George C. Thomas, C. V. Cowley, Clarence Daniel, C. T. Young, E. H. Klinebrew, T. S. Methvin, S. J. Tribble, J. F. Foster, J. Y. Southern, G. H. Palmer, H. K. Kinnebrew, P. F. Rhodes and R. W. Lamkin.

A prominent feature of the day will be the election of a McKinley club.

The convention adjourned today in Americus, and will reconvene on the 12th.

They Indorse Vanduser.

Elbert, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—Quite a large number of the populists of Elbert met in the superior court room today in mass meeting, under call from Chairman E. B. Norman. The meeting was addressed at length by Dr. C. V. Cowley, who opposes Col. Thomas M. Swift, the democratic nominee for the legislature.

After this the populists endorsed the candidacy of Colonel Vanduser. Delegates to the state and congressional conventions were appointed. Nominations for county officers were postponed until the 11th of August.

CONSOLIDATED RETURNS.

Columbus, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The democratic executive committee of Muscogee county voted to hold a general election to return the returns of yesterday's primaries for county officers. The official result was the same as already published in the Constitution. A resolution was passed informing the national platform and nominees and relatives in their hour of greatest difficulty.

Families Talked.

Winder, Ga., May 11.—(Special)—A large number of the populists of Elbert met in the superior court room today in mass meeting, under call from Chairman E. B. Norman. The meeting was addressed at length by Dr. C. V. Cowley, who opposes Col. Thomas M. Swift, the democratic nominee for the legislature.

After this the populists endorsed the candidacy of Colonel Vanduser. Delegates to the state and congressional conventions were appointed. Nominations for county officers were postponed until the 11th of August.

A FIGHT ON HORSEBACK.

Superintendent of a Farm and a Negro Tenant in the Cobb County.

Americus, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—A desperate fight on horseback took place last night on the Clay plantation, ten miles east of Americus, the participants being Mr. Edward Sims, superintendent on the Clay plantation, and Ross Bivins, a negro tenant of Mr. Bivins. Both men were shot and severely wounded.

Mr. Sims, who rode his horse and seized the hand holding the pistol of his antagonist, and carried him to the bushes, where they fought for some time, was severely wounded.

Mr. Sims' brother, W. H. Sims, was also struck by a bullet from Bivins' pistol.

Mr. Sims' brother was killed on an adjoining plantation two years ago.

Crushed by the Cars.

Union Point, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—This afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, as the service was in progress in the church in this place, John Parker, a colored hand, was attempting to board the moving engine, missed his footing and fell. The engine passed over his left leg and almost severed it from his body. Parker lived only a short time after the accident.

HAD HIM ARRESTED.

A Woman Afraid of a Man Who Was Following Her.

Americus, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—A scene of excitement was created at the courthouse this morning by the appearance of a dashing demigod of Montgomery, who requested the arrest of a well-known young man of that city, whom she was following with threats of bodily harm.

The young man denied the charges when arrested and when the case was taken before the magistrate, refused to let the woman alone.

In an interview between the two yesterday the woman fired one shot from her revolver, but without effect. It was a clear case of infatuation and shake after money was squandered.

BROTHERS-IN-LAW FIGHT.

Robert Fuller Seriously Shot by J. L. Willis.

Columbus, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—About 10 o'clock this afternoon Mr. Robert A. Fuller was seriously shot by his brother-in-law, J. L. Willis, in the bar of Mr. J. L. Willis on First Avenue, and the excitement was occasioned at the time of the attack.

Both brothers are negroes and the fight was caused by a quarrel between them.

Constitution Complimented.

The Constitution for the ensuing year are to be printed in the Atlanta Journal, President: T. B. Garfield, A. A. Blake, Rev. W. Jones and W. A. Crittenden, Vice Presidents: J. C. Rankin, W. H. Franklin, Secretary: W. F. Murphy, Treasurer: Rev. E. P. Johnson, Corresponding Secretary.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers for the ensuing year are Prof. T. M. Dent, principal of the Rome public school, and conductor of an educational mass meeting at which a number of able addresses were delivered on the proper training of colored children in the schools.

Electoral Constitution.

The Constitutional Convention, which convened in Elberton next week, will be impossible for him to be present.

Storm in Union County.

Blairstown, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—The county was visited on yesterday by a severe wind and rain storm, and much damage was done to the corn and oat crops. After the storm over it turned very cold, and split snow for a short time. This is unusual.

We Want 'Em Bad.

We want to buy 1,000 books—school books, medical or scientific books, but we make a specialty of buying or selling school books. We buy old books used by any county in Georgia and will pay the highest price. Write for full particulars. Both Willis and Fuller are farmers, residing in Elberton.

TO MAKE A BOND

Is What the Bibb County Commissioners

Now Require

OF THE BRIDGE COMPANY

The Firm Has Presented Two, but

Neither Was Acceptable—News

and Gossip of Macon.

Planing Mills and Stable Destroyed

by the Flames.

The first issue of The Evening Call, the paper of the town, was issued by the pressmen who left the office of The Evening Sun, appeared this afternoon. It is stated that it will be issued daily. The Call states that it is for free.

In the superior court Mr. G. A. Oglesby was awarded \$3,337.50 against the city of Columbus for personal injuries.

YELDELL'S STORY

Says That His House Was Burned and

His Three Children Lost.

HE SUSPECTS A NEIGHBOR

SEWALL FOR SECOND PLACE

The Democrats at Chicago Complete Their Ticket.

I MAINE MAN CHOSEN

A Prominent Business Man, He Adds Strength to the Ticket.

IS A STANCH DEMOCRAT

And Has Favored Silver for Many Years.

HE IS THE HEAD OF A SHIPBUILDING FIRM

That Has Sent Many Vessels To Carry the United States Flag on the Seas.

THIS WATER

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IT, RHEUMATISM

it is my habit to use

for getting a cure

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LCULI, ETC.

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ings, Ark.:

THIS WATER

in URIC ACID
IT, RHEUMATISM

it is my habit to use

for getting a cure

Gallon bottles, \$3.00
Springs open for
s. Va.

SEWALL FOR SECOND PLACE

The Democrats at Chicago Complete Their Ticket.

I MAINE MAN CHOSEN

A Prominent Business Man, He Adds Strength to the Ticket.

IS A STANCH DEMOCRAT

And Has Favored Silver for Many Years.

HE IS THE HEAD OF A SHIPBUILDING FIRM

That Has Sent Many Vessels To Carry the United States Flag on the Seas.

THIS WATER

is in URIC ACID

IT, RHEUMATISM

it is my habit to use

for getting a cure

UMATIC GOUT,
LCULI, ETC.

lumbers, *Suggerer* of
ing I could say could
I have frequently
used it with good re-
sults, and GOUT, and
COLUMI & ROGERS, of
here it exists in the
Nature's mode of so-
lution and division in
Mineral formations.

M. F. CAR RINGTON
n. Hot Springs, Ark.
U.S. Navy:

ATHIA WATER
injected its remedial
HEUMATISM, URIC
and other maladies due
to the disease. It comes
from the blood
in the form of Calci-
tum, renders its passage
and ureters compara-
tively painless.

NAN. Resident Phy-
sick.

THIS WATER
have made use of this
my own person and
of several beneficial
leisure in advising
these Springs."

URANCE. Resident
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the northwestern ex-Governor Sylvester Pennoyer (Pennsylvania).

"When he was governor of Oregon," continued Mr. Miller, "the railroad committee had trouble with their men and he went upon the scene of action and said to the corporations: 'Pay your men, and you will have no more trouble.' They paid their men, and he did not call out the militia. (Cheers.) He is a hearty sympathizer with labor and all the great labor movements of this country will endorse him. I appeal to you to recognize the Pacific coast and nominate ex-Governor Pennoyer."

Senator White retired temporarily, leaving Representative Richardson, of Tennessee, to preside over the convention.

The Nominee Presented.

Mr. William R. Burke, of Los Angeles, Cal., presented the name of Arthur Sewall, of Maine, as a man who "strode for liberty himself."

Mr. Showalter, of Missouri, presented the name of Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania. He spoke of the candidate as a modern Moses, endowed with the courage of a Jackson and destined under heaven to lead the American people from bondage into liberty. The name of Sibley on the ticket would, Mr. Showalter said, add strength and solidity to it. (Cheers.)

Mr. C. S. Thomas, of Colorado, seconded the nomination of Mr. Sewall as a man distinguished for business ability and long devotion to the cause of democracy, and whose name will fill up and round out the platform performed by the convention yesterday.

Mr. O. W. Powers, of Utah, presented the name of Senator Daniel, of Virginia. He lauded the democracy as the party whose principles were equal rights to all and unjust discriminations to none.

"You have inaugurated," he said, "a new era wherein silver and gold, the twin money metals, shall go hand in hand as God intended, scattering blessings on every side. I desire now, in behalf of the oldest state of the union, the state whose star was placed on the flag last Saturday, to suggest the name of John W. Daniel, of Virginia, for vice president. I present it without his request and without his knowledge."

Mr. Jones, of Virginia, acknowledged the compliment paid to his state, but said that he had been instructed by Senator Daniel to say that if his name should be presented as a candidate for vice president that under no circumstances should it be voted on in the convention.

Mr. F. P. Morris, of Illinois, seconded the nomination of Mr. Sibley and spoke of him as a man whose name and personality would consume iniquities and destroy corruption.

"It is added," he said, "you link his name to that of the masterful orator from Nebraska, you will be inscribing victory on all your banners as the stars shine at midnight and the sun shines at noontime."

Mr. Ulrich Stone, of Ohio, seconded the nomination of Mr. McLean, and spoke of him as the man who had, through The Cincinnati Enquirer, made this silver convention possible.

Sibley Given a Send-Off.

Mr. George W. Fithian, of Illinois, spoke in support of the nomination of Mr. Sibley, "Pennsylvania's hundred son." Although Mr. Sibley had been reported as a populist he was as good a democrat as any man who had a seat in the convention. It was true that Mr. Sibley differed with President Cleveland and had not the courage to express his opinions regardless and fearless of the administration and everybody else. It seemed to him that Mr. Sibley's criticism of the administration could not be found fault with in a convention which had, by nearly a two-thirds majority, refused to sustain a resolution commanding the administration of Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. John Scott, of Bath, Me., spoke in praise of Mr. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, as one of the leading business men of New England and as president of a national bank; as a man whose ships spread their white wings to the winds of every ocean and carried the American flag to the far corners of the earth. No man could not promise that the delegation from Maine would be behind Mr. Sewall's nomination, but he could promise that next November Mr. Sewall would have the Democracy of Maine behind him. (Cheers.)

The representative of the Ohio delegation and the ballots began at 12 o'clock noon.

The balloting proceeded without noticeable incident until New York was called. When the announcement was made: "New York delegation to cast their votes" rang a yell. The chairman of the Ohio delegation, standing on his chair, said although Mr. McLean was not a candidate the Ohio delegation insisted on casting its forty-six votes for John E. McLean. A poll of the delegation showed that twenty-four states voted for Sibley and one for Fithian, but under the unit rule the entire vote went to McLean.

Pennsylvanians announced through Chairman of the delegation that they voted seven for Sibley, two for Fithian, with fifty-nine delegates absent or not voting.

Alaska Imitates New York.

Alaska with its six newly conferred delegates, all gold men, declined to vote.

Oregon changed from Pennsylvania to Sibley. Georgia, which had been passed, requested, gave her vote for Sibley and the same time expressing the opinion that he ought to be nominated by acclamation.

The state of Nebraska out of delicacy lest its vote might be taken as an indication of Mr. Bryan's wishes, asked to be excused from voting for the present, and was excused accordingly.

The counting of the ballots was purposely delayed to enable leaders to arrange, possibly to swing, the convention otherwise than by acclamation. Ute attempted to precipitate matters by changing its vote from Daniel to Bland, but the chair declined to permit changes of votes at this stage of the proceedings. The clerk announced the result of the first ballot as follows:

Bland 29
Bland 62
Teller 1
Daniel 21
Harrity 20
Boles 20
Williams of Illinois 22
White 23
Absent or excused 238
Fithian 1
Williams of Massachusetts 111
McLean 11
Clark 100
Sewall 163
Sibley 163
Total number of votes cast 679

Necessary to choose.

At 1 o'clock the second ballot was begun and Alabama attempted to lead the Bland stampede, but the state texts called a halt. The delegation had called upon him a few moments ago and stated that his delegation was compelled to leave to take their train for home, but had authorized him, with the consent of the convention, to cast their votes for Harrity.

Votes for Harrity.

When Rhode Island was called the chair, Mr. Richardson, said the delegation of the Black Hills delegation had called upon him a few moments ago and stated that his delegation was compelled to leave to take their train for home, but had authorized him, with the consent of the convention, to cast their votes for Harrity.

THE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, is Chairman of it.

Chicago, July 11.—(Special)—Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, was selected chairman of the campaign committee by the national convention at its meeting tonight. Senator Jones was the choice of Mr. Bryan himself. He has been the leader in the fight for free coinage in the campaign. He was the leader in the fight which achieved its results in this convention.

The committee authorized Senator Jones to appoint nine members of the executive

committee to act with him in managing the campaign. These members are to be selected as the chairman sees fit. They may be members of the national committee or not. The selection of Senator Jones means that this is a campaign of the people. The people are behind the ticket. It is the fight of the people. It is a contest between the masses and the classes. It is a contest of bimetallism versus the gold standard. Senator Jones, perhaps, the best politician in America. He has led the free coinage campaign in the democratic party to victory. He will lead democracy to victory.

E. W. B.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORS.

The Convention of '98 Will Meet in the Tennessee Capital.

Washington, July 11.—Under the eastern shadow of the capital today, an unnumbered multitude of Christian Endeavorists gathered to take part in a service of song and praise. All "keep-the-grass" signs had been lowered, and by 4 o'clock streams of people coursed across the capitol grounds and through the shrubbery, unmolested by the police, to the places of safety before the central statue on the east front of the capitol was reserved. Here the chorus of 6,000 voices was to be stationed, and before there was to stand the Marine band.

The crowd moved in slowly around the platform, service for the chorus. It presented a sea of faces extending beyond the distant statue of Washington and spreading on either side far beyond the limits of the capitol. No speaker could hear to send his voice half way across this anechoic space.

At 4 o'clock the choir rose to sing to announce that General Wanner had been elected to the presidency of the Southern Christian Endeavor Union.

The service was over, and the platform was filled with the young members and old stagers of the house well calculated to turn the head of many an older man. Till then he had given but just one mere suggestion of being an orator.

It was during the early days of the tariff debate in the fifty-second congress. He spoke for less than five minutes. When he sat down there was a moment of silence.

His eloquence had taken away the breath and desire for merriment from the surprised people in the house.

Then there burst forth a volley of applause and then another. All knew that something big was to be expected from Bryan and all waited patiently to learn just what it was.

Was Not at His Best.

Through his speech at the Coliseum, which resulted in his nomination, was a masterpiece of fervor, glowing enthusiasm, inspiring oratory, and did not show Bryan at his best.

It is in common with the thick of day, when each determination represented in the convention will hold a missionary rally. The Sabbath observance movement will receive attention at 3:30 o'clock at a meeting in Central Hall, and at 4:30 at the Bay Mills.

Tonight there will be the regular sunrise prayer meeting, after which the Endeavorists will be free to attend church services.

It is in the habit of all the young members of the house to be eloquent there. All knew that something big was to be expected from Bryan and all waited patiently to learn just what it was.

They Heard That Bryan Had Been Nominated.

When They Heard That Bryan Had Been Nominated.

Yorkville, S. C., July 11.—(Special)—When the nomination of Mr. Bryan for the presidency was heard, there was a moment of silence.

The members of the house who had been most anxious to see him in the thick of day, when each determination represented in the convention will hold a missionary rally. The Sabbath observance movement will receive attention at 3:30 o'clock at a meeting in Central Hall, and at 4:30 at the Bay Mills.

The deferred matter of choosing the seat of the 1888 convention was taken up and settled at a prolonged session of the board of trustees of the United Societies today. A half dozen cities were in competition for the honor.

Nashville has been in the lead from the start, and the decision was made late this evening in favor of Nashville.

With the heartiest cheering and recognition of the labors and efforts of the Christian Endeavorists of the other competing cities, the board of trustees announces that they have decided unanimously after the most careful consideration that the convention of 1888 shall be held in Nashville.

He seemed to court interruption. At any rate, he was courteous to every one, and so honest and sincere were his replies, and with all so apt, that he quickly won the respect of all his audience.

When Bryan finished his big tariff speech, old Judge Culberson, of Texas, the leader of the house on legal matters and one of its veterans, said that he had been in congress many years and had heard many a speech in that time, but that none of them had equaled Bryan's in his opinion.

Three Other Speeches He Made.

Bryan made three other big speeches while in congress. One was on the income tax, another on silver, and the third on the tariff.

The second tariff speech was delivered on the same day that Bourne Cockran made his famous speech on the same subject.

It was a masterpiece of eloquence, and the man who was to follow him deemed foolish.

Bryan was nervous and apprehensive. He fully appreciated the hit that Cockran had made, and the exceeding difficulty he would have in equaling it.

Congressman Springer, who always took a fatherly interest in Bryan, and to whom Bryan owes the fact of his being appointed a member of the committee on ways and means, though just entering on his first term, suggested that he postpone his speech till the next day. That advice was all that was needed to renew Bryan's courage—he feeds on opposition—and he became impatient for the time to come when he should begin. His friends were fearful that he would make but a poor show, so shortly after the speech of the great orator of Tammany Hall, Cockran had never appeared to better advantage, and by his speech had dimmed the impression made by Bryan's former speeches.

But Bryan had proceeded but a little way

before his most timid friends were reassured.

Bryan speaks from conviction. One does not think of him as merely pleading a cause for pay. He stimulates his audience into sympathy with him, and plays on them like a harpist upon his instrument.

His music he produced in the house

that night was very effective. Even the republicans enjoyed it for its artistic excellence.

The hit he made was pronounced as he had made before, and the reception he received thus great as that accorded to

CHARLES HERMAN, fifteen years old, of Missouri valley.

WALTER JENNINGS, twenty-five years old, a boiler maker, Missouri valley.

JOHN McDERMOTT, machinist, Omaha.

CHARGED WITH FORGERY.

A Slick Young Man Swindles Griffin People.

Griffin, Ga., July 11.—(Special)—Some of the members of the House of Representatives who had been most anxious to see him in the thick of day, when each determination represented in the convention will hold a missionary rally. The Sabbath observance movement will receive attention at 3:30 o'clock at a meeting in Central Hall, and at 4:30 at the Bay Mills.

The deferred matter of choosing the seat of the 1888 convention was taken up and settled at a prolonged session of the board of trustees of the United Societies today.

It is in the habit of all the young members of the house to be eloquent there. All knew that something big was to be expected from Bryan and all waited patiently to learn just what it was.

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33rd Street; Great Northern Hotel.
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YOUR NEIGHBOR'S PAPER.

It is Not Honorable to Him or to the
Publisher.

Read this Letter:
July 7, 1896.—THE ATLANTA CON-
STITUTION: If you can consistently make
some severe cuts occasionally to people
born and bred in the South, it is not
courageous; it is not manly. There is a man
of man and a man in this bar that
almost turns one against ever taking
a paper of any kind. Has kept me from
subscribing for the last eighteen months.
Wish to keep posted, but will discontinue
taking your paper if it must continue as
heretofore. Respectfully,

THE DAILY AND SUNDAY CONSTITUTION:
Until November 10, 1896... \$2.50
Until January 1, 1897... 3.50
Send in your order at once.

30 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., July 12, 1896.

The Crisis and Its Leader.
The nomination of Bryan by the great
democratic convention at Chicago was
the result of one of the most spontaneous
and irresistible movements that
has ever occurred in a political gathering.
The delegates from widely separated
sections seemed to be swayed by a common
and an almost uncontrollable impulse.

All seemed to feel, and know, and
understand, as if by intuition, that the
man and the hour had met; that the
crisis had produced a leader for the
people—a leader, young, brilliant and
devoted to the cause which the people have
at heart.

There are other prominent men as brilliant,
as gifted, perhaps, and as full of
resources, but there it not one among them who takes the same measure
of the cause of the people, or who regards
it from the peculiar point of view
which is necessary to a leader who is
to consecrate to it all his gifts and to
make whatever sacrifices that are necessary
to its success. To many men the
restoration of silver is merely an im-
portant policy; to others it lies as deep
as a political principle; but to William J. Bryan it is a cause that goes deeper
than political policies and principles.
He feels, as the people feel, that it is a
sacred cause; that it is not a political,
but a great moral issue; that upon its
success depend the prosperity and the
happiness of the millions of toilers in
this vast republic. He feels, as the people
feel, that it is as sacred and as holy
a cause as that which culminated in the
founding of the people's republic.

There were more than a hundred
years ago, as there are men today, who
believe that the revolution of 1876 had its
end and its aim in resistance to taxation
without representation; that the "liberty"
men fought for was the liberty to
be taxed by their own agents. But Patrick
Henry knew better, the great leaders
of that day knew better, and the people
knew better. They knew that the
revolution was precipitated and carried
on for the purpose of securing the
sacred right of government by the people
and for the people.

Let no man be deceived about the people.
They know by instinct all that the
statesmen know and more, and it is this
mysterious heaven-born knowledge that
founded the republic, founded the democratic party, and gives to the results of
all great popular movements a wisdom
as wise as the ages. For this reason it
has been said that "the voice of the people
is the voice of God." Rightly and
reverently interpreted, this saying is a
true one.

That man only is the real leader of
the people who rightly and reverently
interprets, and understands, and appreciates
the cause the people now have at
heart. Something of the instincts of a
seer and prophet is necessary to give
form and substance to such an interpretation,
and it has been left to William J. Bryan alone, of all the leaders, to
stand out before the multitude and
brush the merely political and party aspects
of this great question aside, and to
proclaim in thoughts that breathe and
words that burn its real nature and essence.
It has left Mr. Bryan to seize

the opportunity to show that, whatever
cause it is that affects the well-being
and happiness of humanity at large must
be a sacred cause.

This proclamation, flaming with the
earnestness of the man, lifted him en-
tirely above his surroundings, took him
altogether out of the domain of party
contention and bore him to the highest
heights of patriotism. As by an electric
shock, the dullest wit in that vast con-
course of human beings knew that the
man and the hour had met—knew that
out of the crisis had been born a leader.
So irresistible was this feeling that it
seemed as if the hand of heaven itself
pointed unmistakably to this inspired
man who, in a moment, in the twinkling
of an eye, had brushed away the cob-
webs of controversy and scattered the
units of sectionalism, so that the sa-
cred cause of humanity might stand
revealed to the blindest eye and the
dullest mind.

The convention saw more than the
revelation of the cause that the people
have at heart; it saw likewise the re-
lation of the great leader; and from the
moment when the banner of Georgia
now and for more than a hundred years
the most democratic state in the union,
socially and politically—was carried
gleaming to the leader's place, his unan-
nounced nomination was a foregone con-
clusion.

Such a scene as followed the leader's
great speech has never before been
enacted on the floor of a political con-
vention. Never before did a purely
political party dedicate itself to the sacred
cause of humanity with more eagerness,
or with more intense enthusiasm.

Now they are declaring that free coinage
is a doctrine peculiar to the populist
party. Well, it may be accepted as a
fact that the poor little cuckoo editors
do not know what they are talking
about. If their Washington string was
a silver one, they'd be for silver, or
for pewter; but as it is for the gold stand-
ard, they are for gold.

Ordinarily, it would be interesting to
know what the official cuckoo are going
to do about it; but nobody has curiosity
enough to want to know, and 'nobody
cares. They have discredited themselves
in trying to discredit the party they pro-
fess to serve, and the public is no longer
interested in their performances. The
people know that all the democrats who
favor gold and whose support is worth
having will fall in line and support
the party. As for the rest—the why the
party, as well as the public, is indifferent
to their movements.

An Omen of Victory.

Just as the last bulletin was received
from Chicago, yesterday afternoon, an-
nouncing the completion of the work of
the national democratic convention, the
heavy black clouds which had enveloped
the city for several hours parted and a
magnificent bow of promise displayed
its arch in the sky.

No one who observed this beautiful
omen could fail to interpret its significa-
nce.

The Ticket Complete.

The national convention completed its
work yesterday afternoon by nominating
for vice president, Arthur Sewall,
one of the stanch and rock-ribbed demo-
crats of the state of Maine.

In its way, the nomination of Mr. Sewall
was even more of a surprise than
that of Mr. Bryan, and yet the story, as
told from Chicago, shows that the con-
vention has made an excellent selection.
He had not been counted a possibility
for the nomination, but his availability
grew upon the delegates and his nomination
was made with great enthusiasm.

The nomination of Mr. Sewall will do
much to eliminate the impression which
the gold standard people have been
endeavoring to make, that the issue in this
campaign is a sectional one. Mr. Sewall
represents the substantial business inter-
ests of the east—the creative interests,
not the speculative, as does the man
whom the republicans so aptly chose as
the running mate for the great apostle
of trusts and corporations. If he has
money, he has made it through the great
ship-building industry of which he is
the head. A life-long democrat, he has
been a consistent advocate of silver's
restoration. He is one of the men who
believe that the Cincinnati manufacturer,
that the trouble with the business
interests of the country lies in the fact
that under the single gold standard sys-
tem of finance the money lender's dollar
is worth twice as much as that of the
men whose money is invested in manu-
facturing and other productive pursuits.

Mr. Sewall has for eight years repre-
sented his state upon the national com-
mittee of his party. Though in no sense
a politician, his aid to the party in this
capacity is attested by his colleagues on
the national committee who have all
been deeply impressed with the sound
common sense of the man from Maine.

First, of course, comes the platform
and the man who, as the nominee for
the first place, stands as the representa-
tive of the principles it enunciates. With
them comes the nomine for vice presi-
dent, and the combination is one which
will meet the hearty approval of demo-
crats everywhere. Platform and candi-
dates stand for the true principles of
democracy, and that means for the true
interests of the people.

This is the people's fight, and the people
will win.

Criticising the Platform.

We desire to call the attention of our
readers to the remarkable attitude of
these cuckoo organs that are attached by
official strings to the Cleveland adminis-
tration.

They are now claiming that the de-
legation in favor of the free coinage of
silver by the convention of the party to
which they profess to belong is sur-
render to populism, and they weep cro-
codile tears over the event. They pre-
tend to be very much hurt by it and are
taking advantage of every opportunity to
stick a knife in the party.

Yet it is a matter of recent history that
these very organs, especially the one
whose destinies are in the hands of
Secretary Smith, have been blatant in
their demands for free coinage. Secre-
tary Smith's organ was at one time the
recognized mouthpiece of that radical
element of the farmers' alliance that
finally formed a third party in Georgia,
and, on a memorable occasion, the sea-
son of the convention halls.

In presenting the name of Hon. Wil-
liam J. Bryan as a candidate before the
democratic national convention a few
days ago, the Georgia delegation sim-
ply emphasized the pleasant relations
existing between the Empire State of the
South and the one from which the nomi-
nate of the convention halls.

Georgia will reaffirm her friendship

for Nebraska as well as her devotion to
democratic principles by rolling up in
November the largest vote which she
has ever given to the nominee of a dem-
ocratic convention.

thing as our gallant friend and survive,
it is a long-suffering party.

"Hill sulks," the dispatches say. Why
should the great free coinage prophet
of 1896 sulk?

If the restoration of silver is populism,
we shall behold the biggest wave of
popular and populous populistic popu-
lism that ever popped a popper.

Mr. Cleveland will have more luck if
he names his bait William.

To Mr. Hanna: Kind sir—Our William
got his nomination without costing his
friends a dollar: how was it with your
William?

They'll meet no more at Richmond: their
brows are bowed and white;

Faint the campfires flicker from the
valleys of the Night;

And "Farewell" echoes down the lines
where flashed their crimson blades,

And the shadows deepen, deepen round
the boys of the brigades.

They'll meet no more at Richmond: where
every battle-clad

In red memorials roses sends messages to
God;

Where brave and bright they faced the fight
where Lee and Jackson led,

And left the dirn vales glorious with the
ashes of their dead.

They'll meet no more at Richmond: The
long night's shadow falls;

Over the dividing ramparts the phantom
captains call;

And "Farewell" echoes down the lines
where flashed their warring blades.

A long farewell to Richmond from the boys
of the brigades!

—Frank L. Simon.

A western exchange speaks of Major McKin-
ley as being "such a repulsive."

Whatever that is meant to imply, we
want to say right here that the "repulsive"
man is not the man the country is looking
for. It's the wide-awake, hustling fellow
we are after, who jumps into the race
at daylight and stays with the boys till
sundown.

A broad expanse of country:

Champions in the red arena;

A clashing of swords

Beneath the lurid gleam

Of crimson

Fluttering handkerchiefs.

Clamor of the cardinal multitude:

"All hail the victor with red brows

And with the silver shield!"

The above is not from the pen of Stephen
Crane, though at first flush it may appear
so. It is simply little prophetic story
in which William J. Bryan figures as the
hero.

CO. 1000

A Song of Waiting.

When I was a boy on the old plantation—
Down in the fields afar;

I never risked my raisin' an' my soul's
salvation

Waitin' for a West End train.

Waitin' for a West End train;

Shiv'r'in' in the cold and rain;

An' my hair's as white

As a ghost at night;

Waitin' for a West End train.

The Constitution desires to compliment
the Western Union Telegraph Company and its
service to the public.

The service generally could not have been
better. A general distribution of this fine
service was made throughout the country
by the Western Union Company compli-
mented to its patrons and was highly ap-
preciated by the public.

A prisoner at Dundee, Scotland, recently
complained of being in great pain, and de-
clared that he had swallowed his false
teeth. The authorities of the jail doubted
the truth of this statement, and the prison
was put into a dark room in the aid of the new X rays. The mysterious
light revealed the teeth just where their
owner said they were, and the surgeon cut
them out.

THE TICKET IN GEORGIA.

Macon Telegraph: In character and abil-
ity, if not in age and experience, Mr. Bryan
is worthy of the honor conferred upon him,
and we are inclined to believe that the con-
vention made the wisest possible selection
of a candidate, under the existing circum-
stances. The distrust which his youth and
comparative inexperience may excite will
be more than offset at the ballot box by the
enthusiasm produced by a courageous
personality. We regard Mr. Bryan as
a strong candidate, individually worthy of
the nomination, and as certain as other
democrats to develop the full strength of the
silver party.

Not satisfied with discussing the po-
litical features of the situation, The Chron-
icle goes out of its way to question
the loyalty of the ex-confederate veterans
who assembled a few days ago in
Richmond, Va. Such a criticism
could possibly have nothing to do with the
issue under discussion, and the abuse which The Chron-
icle heaps upon these brave men only shows that it has
merely taken advantage of the opportunity
offered to pour the vials of its wrath upon the people of this section.

It also shows that The Chronicle has no
right to claim to be democratic; for it
certainly has no interests in common with
a section which has voted the democratic
ticket since the days of Thomas Jefferson
and which, in spite of the heresies which have sprung up in
recent years, still plants itself under the
banner of the only true democracy.

About two thousand miles of rugged
continent intervene between the rich
prairie lands of Nebraska and the granite-
producing mountains of north Georgia,
and yet the mutual friendship which these
two states entertain for each other, notwithstanding
the diversity of climate and resources which
exists between them, is something wondrous.

Nearly every town and city in Georgia
came to the relief of her suffering
sister. With a long train of cars
freighted with provisions and other
necessities she started for Nebraska.
Arriving in due time she emptied her
cargo into Nebraska's lap, only to
receive from that state the assurance of
the hearty approval of the people of
Nebraska.

First, of course, comes the platform
and the man who, as the nominee for
the first place, stands as the representa-
tive of the principles it enunciates. With
them comes the nomine for vice presi-
dent, and the combination is one which
will meet the hearty approval of demo-
crats everywhere. Platform and candi-
dates stand for the true principles of
democracy, and that means for the true<br

STATE POLITICS
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were contestants.
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THEIR

HURRAHS FOR BRYAN

A Rousing Rally Held at the
Columbia.

WAS PACKED TO THE DOORS

Governor Atkinson Enthused the Audience
with a Fine Speech.

EXPECTS ALL TO BE LOYAL

Disappointments Always Follow, But
Harmony Is the First Duty.

MANY EXCELLENT SPEECHES WERE MADE

Colonel W. A. Hemphill Master of Ceremonies—All the Speakers Indorse Bryan and the Platform.

Atlanta's democrats held an enthusiastic Bryan rally last night.

Six or eight rattling speeches were made and the campaign was on with a rush. This is to be a campaign of education, oratory and enthusiasm. The leader has set the pace and Fulton county democrats took up the fight before the convention speeches have ceased echoing in the great coliseum.

Last night's meeting was called on the impulse of the moment after Bryan's nomination was flashed over the wires to the Constitution Friday afternoon. Despite the short notice and the further fact that it was held on Saturday night, the Columbia theater was crowded. On the stage were men prominent in the state and city, and the audience represented Atlanta citizenship thoroughly. The crowd was in a fine reception mood, and its applause demonstrated the special interest which Georgians feel in the nomination.

A very gratifying feature was the hearty acceptance of the result by loyal democrats who made a gallant fight on the minority side. This pleased the audience, too, and the more moderate and conservative former mayor John W. Goodwin, who, stating that he had been one of the minority, declared that he yielded to the voice of the majority.

Governor Atkinson, a happy speaker, and his hearers cheered him again and again. Colonel Hemphill and Colonel Denison whooped things up. The ex-congressman from Alabama is a live wire on the stump, and kept the audience in high spirits all the time. Major Whittier, T. R. C. Cobb, Jack J. Spalding, Alex C. King and Lewis Thompson added splendid contributions to the tally. Colonel Hemphill was master of ceremonies.

Colonel Hemphill entered just as the curtain went up.

"Hurrah for the Constitution!" the audience shouted as it caught sight of him. The cheer rang through the house. Bowing in a dignified manner, Colonel Hemphill stepped to the front and said:

"Fellow citizens, I am happy tonight because we have obtained that for which we have worked so long, a platform clear and to the point, a platform for the true bimetallic, our platform is for true bimetallism, this country is in favor of true bimetallism and we do not ask any other country to help carry it out. We have a country big enough and strong enough to maintain bimetallism alone. (Applause.)

"We have a splendid platform and we have a winning candidate on that platform. (Applause.)

"Colonel Bryan, of Nebraska, is an orator and a statesman, the peer of any one in this land.

"We have been taught to consider that Nebraska is in the fast west. But we are in the middle of our country, and it is right and proper that a president should come from that section.

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RIDERS OF THE SILENT STEED

Latest News and Gossip Among Atlanta's Vast Army of Bicyclists.

Atlanta is fast forging to the front as the first bicycle city in the south. The sale of wheels during the present season has surpassed the expectations of the most enthusiastic dealers. At the rate the town is now filling up with the silent steeds Atlanta streets will present the appearance of regular bicycle tracks in another year.

Speaking of tracks, the lack of a fine one here is the principal drawback to Atlanta's bicycle progress. She needs above all else a fast track that will attract the racing wheelmen of the south to hold their races in this city.

It will be welcome news to the enthusiastic scorers in the city, who are at present deprived of a fair opportunity to test their speeding ability, to know that a fine bicycle track one of the things that may expect in this city in a few weeks. It has been from first hand that a wealthy westerner has fully made up his mind to invest \$30,000 in creating in this week's American Wheelman entitled "How a Southern Girl Was Converted." It tells in a charming way how the prejudices against the wheel were overcome by a pretty southern maiden. The article is from the pen of Miss Josephine Hill.

Judge Tompkins has directed Copeland & Bishop to forward the five Columbia wheels, belonging to himself, his wife and three daughters, to England on the 15th instant. Judge Tompkins expects to take advantage of the beautiful European roads during his tour this year.

Mrs. Joe Orl has written to her husband to bring her wheel over to England when he comes later in the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Thompson contemplates going abroad with Judge Tompkins' party.

to give better satisfaction than saddles of the usual makes.

Notes of Local Interest.

A large number of Stearns' graceful "Yellow Fellows," are to be seen spinning along Peachtree nowadays.

There is an interesting article in this week's American Wheelman entitled "How a Southern Girl Was Converted." It tells in a charming way how the prejudices against the wheel were overcome by a pretty southern maiden. The article is from the pen of Miss Josephine Hill.

The bride and bridegroom, with thirty guests, rode to the church in the smartest style. The bride, who had slept well, back they rode to a bicycle breakfast spread under canopies on the lawn, and then the bridal pair laid away on their wheels for a long tour. The vicar of the church where the ceremony was performed and expressed his admiration and even disapproval of the plan. He was not a wheelman. His curate was, however, a devotee of the wheel, and he was chosen to perform the ceremony because he better could sympathize with the spirit of the bride.

Riding an Electric Wire.

The tight-rope walker has had to give way to the tight-rope bicycle rider. The latest sensation in the tight-rope riding is the man who rides over a "live" electric wire ninety feet above the earth.

Mrs. Joe Orl has written to her husband to bring her wheel over to England when he comes later in the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Thompson contemplates going abroad with Judge Tompkins' party.

In an exaggerated way the bicycle "crash." The bicycle wedding was supposed to be the most fanciful sketch of all. The artists drew vivid pictures of the bride riding her wheel to the church, with two liveried footmen scrapping behind her, who also sprang along with lightning speed. They held her train, and the guests were scorching to the scene of the wedding in the same mad, rushing style. All of this fancy has been almost equalled by the reality, the only difference being that in real life we have done it. England there was bicycle wedding, which turned out to be a really delightful affair, and not a scorching match.

England has been leading in bicycle teas, bicycle schools, bicycle tennis and other things, and it was but natural that she should be the first to give us a real bicycle wedding.

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Norton was in the box for the home team, while Petty did the work for the visitors. Both men did excellent work, and though both were hit a little freely, both managed to keep the hits so well scattered that the run getting was held close. Both teams gave the pitchers excellent support, but the Atlantans were better behind Norton than were the Columbians behind Petty.

Both Short and Gregory played well

in their positions, the first in right field

and the last at third base.

Totals. 34 2 8 26 17 1

"Dobbs out for Roach's interference.

Score by Innings.

New Orleans. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3

New Orleans. 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 2

Second game—

New Orleans. ab. r. bh. po. a. c.

Dobbs, cf. 2 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0

Fisher, ss. 4 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 1

Hines, 1b. 4 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1

Knox, 3b. 4 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1

York, t. 4 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0

Dowle, 3b. 4 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0

Drinkwater, p. 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Carl, rf. 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Totals. 37 3 27 18 2

Nearly six hundred people saw the last game of the series between Atlanta and Columbus yesterday afternoon.

The game was a hard fought and interesting one from start to finish and through

the player playing came Atlanta's way, but

it was not until the last man was out

that Atlanta could lay positive claim to the

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to keep the hits so well scattered that the

run getting was held close. Both teams

gave the pitchers excellent support, but the

Atlantans were better behind Norton than

were the Columbians behind Petty.

Both Short and Gregory played well

in their positions, the first in right field

and the last at third base.

Totals. 34 2 8 26 17 1

"Dobbs out for Roach's interference.

Score by Innings.

New Orleans. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3

New Orleans. 0 0 0 1 0

SONGS AND SERMONS IN THE CHURCHES

Interesting Religious News in the Pulpit
and the Home.

He was eleven years old his people at Linneus, and still resides a married homestead from which school teacher, and as a

probably he has an interest upon that account, very much about it, as periled in his life when him pleasure.

Twenty-two years Ivan is an actor and Tedohore is a

teacher, and as a

two of the most

people in Georgia.

Every holiday which a

had put in a full

industry knows no

endeavoring to

make up on their way

to woman industriously

and husband for all his mule could

that it was Sunday,

and to a church close

the sun.

exists in the

other Edward's of

she will sit for a

the piano. When visi-

ts, when the child

at some remote part

to be quite empty.

When the lady stops

to be conscious of it

we hear a note. What

is it?

Whip was killed

recently. It measured

inches in length, the

body being not more

half in diameter. The

two feet from the tip

the champion buggy

the day before.

was right when he

his resolutions from

denouncing Mr.

refusal of the con-

resolution command-

economy of the admin-

amount to a rebuke. It

story for a convention

head of the party to

owe allegiance.

leaf
Catarrh.

in catarrh, perhaps, discouragement in
those who have had
elements. After ex-
of the best physi-
various mixtures,
sums for doctors,
as, he finds himself
as at first or a great

is easily explained.
the blood, and only a
can possibly have.
The doctors being
stereotyped reme-
mercury, to cure
blood, direct their
the symptoms of
various sprays,
etc., is but a su-
portive treatment
effect a cure.

The Christian Endeavorers are holding their convention in Washington, D. C. The nation's capital being an attractive, accessible, and restful city, the audience is large as compared with all previous conventions. We must regard it as unfortunate, however, that the Endeavorers hold their sessions coincidently with those of a presidential convention at the same place. The members of the Washington people are directly interested in the success of one or the other of the great political parties of the country. But relations are not close enough to make many of the efforts of our youth towards the conference royal. The public are invited to attend the meetings of the conference at Park Street church, at which time several addresses will be made. Dr. A. C. Candler, Dr. R. J. Bigham, Dr. John H. Hammond, will be present with other distinguished ministers and people of West End will entertain the conference royally. The public are invited to attend the meetings of the conference in Washington.

The annual address of President Francis E. Clark gives the key-note to the occasion, has not been failed to bring to remembrance the progress of the cause of education; the advance has been vigorous and steady for now fifteen years until enormous dimensions have been reached. For every six thousand societies have been formed since the year 1850, there are now two millions of others. Endeavorers in all but name, have probably been enrolled in purely denominational societies. Ten million Endeavorers have been held. Five million copies of the constitution have been printed in forty different languages, and at least 15,000,000 copies of the pledge. Over 1,000,000 of associate members have come into the various churches connected with fifteen denominations, influenced in part at least by the Christian Endeavor Society; and it is certain that over \$2,000,000 have been given in benevolence through denominational and church channels.

As is known the Endeavorers became worldwide some years since. While its home and great strength are with us of the several states, there has been much increase in foreign lands, and 3,222 societies are now in foreign and domestic lands; there are now 6,229 societies enrolled. The United Kingdom has over 3,000; Australia, over 2,000; France, 66; West Indies, 63; India, 108; Mexico, 22; Brazil, 10; China, 10; Germany, 18; Japan, 60; Massachusetts, 93, and so on until every country in the world is represented, save three or four, making a grand total of 46,125 branches.

Avaling still further of the report of Mr. Baer, we learn that in the United States the denominational representation is as follows: The Presbyterian still lead with 5,453 young people's societies and 2,659 junior societies; the Congregationalists, 1,104 young people's societies and 2,677 junior societies; the Disciples of Christ and Christian, 2,941 young people's societies and 1,087 junior societies; the Baptists, 2,575 young people's societies and 927 junior societies; the Methodist, 2,500 young people's societies and 362 junior societies; Lutherans, 854 young people's societies and 265 junior societies; Cumberland Presbyterians, 865 young people's societies and 265 junior societies; and the Quakers, 1,000 young people's societies and 265 junior societies.

The fruits, the good works of these societies, cannot be gathered up in statistical form. Bible study has been greatly encouraged, and activity and faithfulness in every form promote of religion and good citizenship. In the aggregate, very hand-

Samson and the Rose.
"Samson's son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down at his foes,
For me suchfeat as your delectation,
But day by day I wear holds up a rose."
But the strength which tempests over-
throws,
And she's delicate power, typ'd by the
rose,
In whose wise God's wondrous grace
is pale.

The perfect harmony of His law of love
—CHARLES W. HUBNER.

Rev. J. O. Wynn of Gainesville, will occupy the pulpit of the First Baptist church this morning. There will be no services at night.

Dr. Wynn is a forceful and eloquent speaker. The session this morning will be characteristic of that of Atlanta. He stands in the front ranks of the denomination and is known throughout the south.

Rev. T. R. Kendall preaches the annual missionary sermon for the woman's society of the LaGrange district today. Dr. Kendall raised the largest collections for the missionary cause in the state while he was pastor of Mulberry street church in Macon and Trinity church in Atlanta.

The Evangelical Ministers' Association prepared the annual sermon for the departure of Rev. J. B. Hawthorne from the city. The resolutions, which were read at the last session of the association, are as follows:

"The Evangelical Ministers' Association of Atlanta sincerely bear record to their sense of loss in the removal of our midst to another field of labor of our honored and beloved friend and associate, Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D.

"For twelve years he has been among us as a teacher, a preacher, a counselor, clarifying the counsels of the most high in the pulpit and defending the right as a citizen. In all that time we have enjoyed fellowship with him in his labors and in his gentlemin and have rejoiced in his success as an able and eloquent minister of the gospel. Incidentally, he has been the great harvest day we will have many gleanings gathered from this field. We bid him God speed and success in his new pastorate, commanding him to God and the word of His grace and praying for him great success in his labors. We are happy to hear that his people have received him with warm Christian love and have opened his way to large usefulness.

"Rev. Mr. Edmonds' first pastorate in this new relation was Chargin Falls, near Cleveland. Here a new church was built, and the work generally seemed to prosper. There were more than 1,000 members in the church and had a remarkable growth during the four years of his stay. Though asked to remain the fifth year, and even to do so, some unexpected removal in the conference made a change necessary. He was sent to Epworth League meets at 7 p.m. Seats free. All invited.

St. Luke's Methodist church—Rev. E. M. Stanton, pastor, corner Boren and Peachtree streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All cordially invited.

The Boulevard church—Rev. C. Peacock, corner Houston street—Rev. S. J. Hopkins, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Hemphill, superintendent. Public service at 6 p. m.

Trinity Church—Rev. J. W. Roberts, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. W. A. Hemphill, superintendent. Public service at 6 p. m.

At the Union academy of Dayton, in the latter state, he took his preparatory college course. Later his father was appointed pastor of the Methodist church of St. Louis, and the son came to him at the pastor's residence.

The Boulevard church—Rev. C. Peacock, corner Houston street—Rev. S. J. Hopkins, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Hemphill, superintendent. Public service at 6 p. m.

First Methodist church—Rev. E. M. Stanton, pastor, corner Boren and Peachtree streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All cordially invited.

Episcopal church—Rev. C. Peacock, corner Houston street—Rev. S. J. Hopkins, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Hemphill, superintendent. Public service at 6 p. m.

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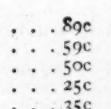
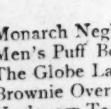
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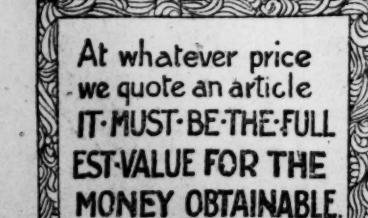


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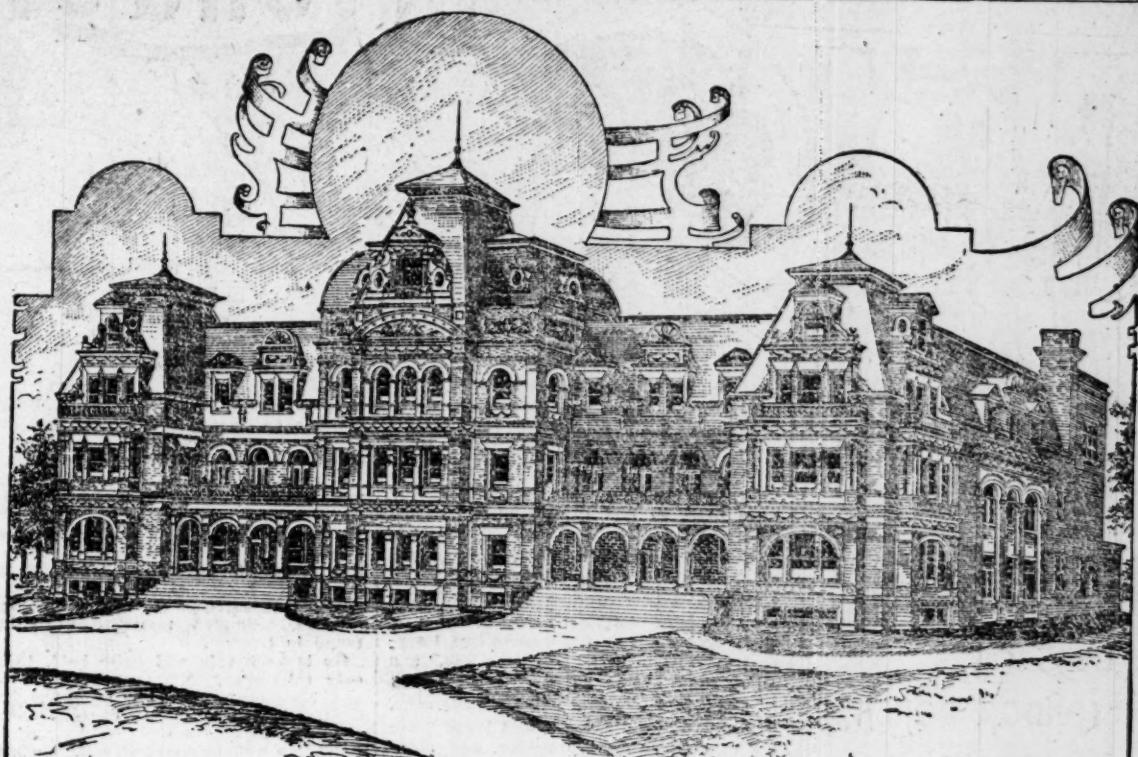
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THE BEST OF LONDON BOHEMIA.

Some People Who Are Prominent in the World of Art and Letters—Conan Doyle as a Preceding Officer—A Chat With Anthony Hope—Sladen Known the World Over—Americans in London.

London, England, July 4—I promised to write something about London celebrities in my next letter, didn't I? Well, since that promise I've seen and talked with a number of people with whom you are all familiar. I didn't make any interview talk with them, for the meetings came at dinners and evening and afternoon parties, so I can't tell you whether they write their stories with a simple quill of solid gold or whether they eat before or after the grand creation of a plot.

The Vagabond's dinner brought me my first comprehensive look into London literary and artistic life, and so many faces that I saw about me were those of celebrated folks that I felt as if I had walked into a fairy tale where all the inhabitants were kings and queens. Celebrated folks, however, are much like the rest of humanity when one comes to know them and the most celebrated may be generally selected by their simplicity. Dr. Conan Doyle presided at the long table where the guests of honor were seated, and of course he was the lion of the occasion—nice, gentle, broad-shouldered British lion that only roars when it comes to his love of "the majestic." He opened his speech by a toast to the queen, which didn't bring forth the responses that a newly-landed American might have expected. The truth is, that assembly, taken as a whole, would have made a lustier cheer to a toast for art or the muses who are supposed to remain eternally young than to a fat old lady on a throne, no matter what her dignity or her virtues might be.

He is reader to talk about everything else than about himself and his books, and, perhaps, that is the reason. The affair was a ladies' dinner and Dr. Doyle's speech was responded to by Annie S. Swan, the well known story writer. She is a tall, finely proportioned woman, with dark hair and eyes, a mellow voice with a sweet Scotch accent. Something about her appearance and sincere, whole-souled manner of speaking reminded me much of our own Louisa M. Gordon. Mrs. Fenwick Miller followed her with a short address that sounded very much like the ones we hear from the followers of women's emancipation on our side.

Among the American women present on the occasion were Mrs. Burton Harrison and Gertrude Franklin Atherton, and certainly from no country could there have been summed up the same few, two clever women of more entirely original minds and temperaments. Mrs. Harrison has always tread the straight and narrow path of conventionalism. She has written pretty books and sweet stories. She is the duenna of lady literature. Mrs. Atherton is an iconoclast; a child of the free western plains, in whose veins runs the hot philosophic blood of Benjamin Franklin. She has the honesty of fearless originality and she makes mistakes, oversteps boundaries as is the way with candor, but she is above bragging. She never bores you, and she can even surpass a sated spirit. I had a little chat in the salon with her after dinner and that was interesting. She has a nice voice, a manner a little odd and abrupt, and a personality unique and attractive. Her features are clear cut and rather cold in repose, but when she smiles her face gives more than a hint of the brilliant mind behind it. Her very light hair was worn high and bound about the coil with an odd-colored green ribbon that matched the shade of her eyes. She is rather small, with lovely white arms and shoulders. She says she was very grotesquely homely as a child and young girl, which reminded me of the evolution into beauty of Hermia Sudam. The gown she wore was a simple white muslin bodice, made with a soft kerchief falling around her shoulders.

I did not talk with Mrs. Burton Harrison, but sat opposite her at a table in front of the long table. She is a nice, refined looking matron, a little over-puffed, but well proportioned and bearing about her look that tells one that life has gone well with its possessor. Her blonde hair is slightly touched with silver, her eyes are gray and her features small and delicate, the nose slightly aquiline. She wore a smart gown of grayish-green satin, the bodice trimmed with chiffon and narrow lace, of cut steel and jet insertion, while something in the way of pink velvet just that essential in becoming took to the toilet which brings roses in young cheeks and puts them into older ones that have grown pale.

Mr. Rok, of The Ladies' Home Journal, was present on the occasion, a nice, clever, clean-shaven man, most attractive looking in face and figure; not literary looking more like a fin de siecle New York society chap than the usual idea of the serious

editor. Still, one doesn't have to be deeply serious to edit a ladies' paper. To edit a woman's paper is different. That is so serious a duty that no man will even undertake it and the women who have done so find trouble about getting subscribers.

Mrs. Reeves (Helen Mathers) was one of the honored guests of the evening and a jollier, wittier woman you will never meet in London than this delightful novelist. Every girl in christendom, I suppose, read her "Crown Thro' the Rye," and all of the other books that have followed it. She wrote this first novel, as she says, "when I was quite young and knew nothing of authors and publishers, and thought indeed of how to write a novel. The people in my story were all my friends and relatives about me. I knew none other, for I was a country girl living a simple, secluded life."

"When are you coming to America?"

Her evolution from life presents her today as a foremost woman of fashion in London. She is always surrounded by bright people who can honestly say that they never pass a dull moment in her company. On this particular evening she was superbly dressed, her gown being of rich, corn-colored brocaded satin. The bodice was cut square and the sleeves falling off the shoulders revealed arms of exquisite form and whiteness, for she has the milk-white skin that goes with auburn hair. Her eyes are gray and her features are such as show a kind heart beneath a witty tongue.

Mrs. Clairmonte, who writes under the name of George Egerton, was one of the women most discussed, because, as some put it, "she has written the latest shocking story." She doesn't look the least bit shocking, however, and if I had not been positively apprised of the fact I should have thought her a severe spinster with a full mind of social missives. She wore a demure black gown on her thin body and glasses on her thin, ascetic nose. Her features are thin and pinched and she never smiles. The story goes that her first marriage was most unhappy and she is reported to be on the eve of making a second dubious venture with George Moore, "who is," as a woman said to me—a woman you will observe always does say these things—"a brilliant fellow who writes dreadful books and is a decided brute."

"Bad outlook, isn't it?"

Mrs. Clairmonte has a very pretty sister who goes out everywhere with her and she seems to have gained all the siren charms that the literary one has missed.

The handsomest lad at the high table was that of Oswald Crawford; the honestest, with the kindest eyes, shining in his red Royal Blue, but, you know, would remain so one minute if I neglected to mention the name of a man who is master of ceremonies on every great literary occasion. This man is Douglas Sladen, traveler, poet and descriptive writer, and along with a man with plenty of money, is a man of a kind and a nature that delights in the mimicry of others. Just what would become of the rushing, heedless stream of artistic life, without people of this kind, do not know. It is a life intensely self-absorbed. All that in London are working for money and fame are the same, and, as a rule, so frequently oblivious to the other workers around them, and the artistic world owes a debt of gratitude to its members who take the time to appreciate as well as to be appreciated. 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udding is scorched, I know silver spoon in it will take care. I know, too, that very speak from my mind better than to wash my wife but use a sponge. Instead of other useful information, mental equipment; but why think this problem, which people once if I only understood, namely, is in inaction, and the plumbing, may not to do in emergencies, as true to her word she had the next day and initiate another inexplicable mystery.

Letter of Delivery.

practical talk were there with special reference to be remote from the wills of a man's wife, and the practical makes constant use of drawing diagrams and points she hobb and valve, or make of tell-tale shut-offs, a of what to do in cases of trouble. Indeed, there in which a woman of from a disaster with wheels floors must be taken, and where all the work under the control of a hundred ever

modern "in-view" plan, independent stop cocks are separate service so that is shut off any one part exists, without disturbing the others. Two independent valves may at any moment come from this part of the same. Another independent stop cock is the closest accident there to be at disarranging the bath cleaning desired in other ushers. Again, with the through the sink pipes are independent stop cocks front of the wall face.

Washing Charges.

the up-to-date improvements that are plumbing, contingencies being as much avoided at household but understood

of the time, and after having made of the whole scheme itself points out the various accidents. Often so the surface is a house the sink pipe to drop a bit of sewer pipe. If the other comes into the house it is gas, which is in itself one houses the only way is from the roof; but

accident.

A Genuine Dress Parade.

Indeed the racing season opened with more than common eclat, and the parade of smart clothes was carried on the *Scopone* and *lawn* will be continued later at Saratoga in all the airy textiles suitable for midsummer.

What society wears to the races is always looked forward to by vast numbers of pretty women who aspire to be well and elegantly dressed.

It is there that the fashions are set, the most other great bigwigs too numerous to mention, send over their best efforts; and

the latest ideas on fashion topics.

New York, July 12.—Horse racing has become here so much the fashionable fad it is in France and England, that suitable costumes to wear to the races are no longer an inconsiderable question. Each year the racing season opens brilliantly at *Jockey Club*, displaying fine clothes being as much a feature of the day as the running of the favorite horses.

All society turns out in its gayest feather, dressed in the first summer styles, and bewilting the running popular eye with the easiest elegance with which it dares to sport unfamiliar models.

This year was no exception to the rule.

The Little School Mistress and Her Simple-Minded Lover.

"School is dismissed," said Annie Mills, "and the ten or twelve little country children that were her charge walked dejectedly to the door and then escaped whooping and hollering into the sun."

Annie chattered quickly from the dimpled young teacher to the childlike girl, and took a little mirror out of her desk and prinked and pulled at her curls as though they were the life of her soul.

"I'm going to have a picnic to-morrow," she said, "and I'm going to invite all the girls to go with me."

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE WORLD OVER

EXPORT SCHLITZ MILWAUKEE BEER

MALT EXTRACT

BLUTHENTHAL & BICKART "B. & B." SOUTHERN DISTRIBUTORS Atlanta.

HIGHEST AWARD FOR PURITY.

Schlitz THAT'S MEAT & DRINK TO THE WORLD

THE HELMET

From The Senator Magazine.

"But, uncle, I love my cousin!"

"Get out!"

"Give her to me."

"Don't you dare!"

"It will be my death!"

"Nonsense! You'll console yourself with some other girl!"

"Pray—"

The uncle, whose back had been toward me, turned round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a loud snap.

"Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?"

And he looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went on:

"With all my heart I would like—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me change my mind."

I came to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with a look of a bit of trouble-headedness.

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"Then you are hung up with me!"

"What is the matter with my father?" she asked; "he seems to be angry with you."

"I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father, and his rough refusal. I could not help it after all, it was his fault! He was not there; I determined to bring him here. But he is not alone like them persons for displaying courage when under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

"You are angry with me?" I asked, trembling.

"Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On my heart, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:

"Rose—I swear to you, your husband, as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added, "I well know that my uncle is self-willed; but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must force me to do 'Yes,' I will force him to say 'No.'"

"But how?" asked Rose.

"That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it!"

At that moment a heavy step responded by the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my double-handed sword and scabbard, to keep herself in trim, set to dusting, with a corner of her apron, a little statue of the sun, took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornuberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a municipal councillor, impressed by their manners and gravity, his office, his fat, high-chested, and headstrong; but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of man—such was my uncle Cornubert, my only living male relative, who as soon as I left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only work and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a municipal councillor, he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I dived.

I opened the parcel, and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet, not an ordinary helmet, oh, no—a superb one, of mordor, with a gorged and pointed visor of iron and steel. The visor was raised, and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will not go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle; "but it's a superb piece, and, when it has been thoroughly cleaned and polished, will look well—that shall be your tomorrow's job."

"The hand of Rose!" he cried.

When my uncle announced that august word, it made a mouthful; for a pin, he would have saluted it baredhead. But, this time, after a moment's consideration,

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night, on reaching my room, I at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel; it is said; and I had great need that night. I lay in bed, however, after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance, I fell to sleep, and till next morning, did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in strange Biblical costumes, a formal, cantorial, though, the few hours after this assignment of which I was advised this morning.

Rising from his seat, and laying down his glass, he called out:

"Rose, give me a cane and hat!"

The cane toward me, he added, in a lower tone and speaking very quickly:

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make not say 'Yes,' try—but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, not a word to Rose, or to Saint Bartholemew, my patron saint, my memory."

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"But how?" asked Rose.

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and Madame Belle Cole, the American wife.

The next day—ah! the next day—I was nearer in vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought to me by my uncle the previous evening—scored it with such fury as almost to break the visor, but looking prettier than ever; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old chimes were dancing a wild farandola, while my uncle, clad in complete armor and with a formidable halberd in his hand, conducted the bewildering crowd.

He was a superb figure, beneath a plumed cap, a child peeping in a child hungry and ragged, at the door of "The Father's House."

To know the man who painted this picture is to know a spirit above the ordinary level of human nature, a man of deep religious and strong independent convictions.

"I don't send my pictures to exhibitions any more," he said. "It hampers thought and originality to be painting things to please people, and the idea of one painter having to please a lot of other painters who are not equals to his superiors, sometimes even his inferiors, seems absurd to me."

Mr. Lanson has always been one of the most successful artists in London. He paints as Dickens wrote, picturing the simple, pathos, and tragedy of life.

Fairfax Macleay is another interesting artist with whom I chatted. He is now the author of "Lorna Doone." He is young, but is considered one of the coming artists in portraiture and in black and white. His pictures are full of the illustrations of romance and stories and much after the style of Walter Crane, but full of his own strength and originality.

In London one gets as much hazard, go-lucky bohemianism as is to be found on this earth. This black and white artist was sponsored off a club for £100 he had got to his last year of work. "And what?"

"I asked, "Are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going in a boat," he said, "and loaf through England on the Thames till all is gone and then I come back and make some more."

A party of us were sitting there in the garden, and as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added, "I well know that my uncle is self-willed; but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must force me to do 'Yes,' I will force him to say 'No.'"

"But how?" asked Rose.

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When my uncle announced that august word, it made a mouthful; for a pin, he would have saluted it baredhead. But, this time, after a moment's consideration,

"Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming!"

"Well, then—yes!" murmured my uncle.

"But make haste!"

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor!"

The visor gave way, the gorge piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durian, red as a poppy.

Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the municipal council, entered the shop.

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without us."

"I'm coming," I replied, "but my uncle won't bring his pipe."

"And without looking at me?"

The next moment all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forget me.

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without us."

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"And without looking at me?"

At dinner time I took my place at table on the right hand in low spirits, ate little, and said nothing.

"We will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me, and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the despatcher, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head and latched the gorget piece about his neck.

"Rose went to the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time. On the way home, she stopped at a hotel, and there she met a man who had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.
It may have been an hour or two later, but I can give you my word that many a time in my life I have braced myself to a hard task by the remembrance of that morning upon Crawley Downs, asking myself if my manhood were so weak that I could not do for my country or for those whom I serve as much as these two would do for a paltry stake, and for their own credit among their fellows. Such a spectacle may brutalize those who are brutal, but I say that there is a spiritual side to it also, and that the sight of the utmost human limit of endurance and courage is one which bears a lesson of its own.

But if the ring can breed bright virtues it is but a partisan who can deny that the mother of black vices also, and we descended that morning to have a sight of such. It is claimed that a battle went against him, his eyes stole round very often to note the expression upon Sir Lothian Hume's face, for I knew how fearlessly he had laid the odds, and I understood that his fortunes as well as his champion were going down before the swashbuckling of the ring.

The confident smile with which he had watched the opening rounds had long vanished from his lips, and his cheeks had turned of a sallow pallor, while his small bead-like black eyes looked furiously from under his brows. "I am afraid," said he, "that once he burst into savage imprecations when Wilson was beaten to the ground. But especially I noticed that his chin was always coming round to his shoulders, and that at the end of every round he set his chin glancing flying backward into the crowd, as some fierce and immense hillock of faces which bunched themselves up on the slope behind us. I was unable to pick out the exact point at which his gaze was directed. But at last I succeeded in following it.

At last I succeeded in following it. It was a broad, bottle-green shoulder, part of broad, bottle-green shoulders, high above his neighbors, was looking very hard in our direction, and I assured myself that a quick exchange of almost imperceptible signals was going on between him and the Corinths. They became conscious also as I watched this, because the cluster of men around him were the roughest elements of the whole assembly, fierce, vicious-looking fellows, with cruel, daubed faces who howled like a pack of wolves at every blow, and yelled exultation at each other's triumph. He walked across to his corner. So turbulent were they; that I saw the ringkeepers whisper together and glance up in their direction, as if preparing for trouble in store, but none of them had realized how near it was to breaking out, or how dangerous it might prove.

Thirty rounds had been fought in an hour and twenty-five minutes, and the rain was pelting down harder than ever. A thick steam rose from the two fighters, and the ring was a pool of mud. Repeated falls had turned the men brown, with a horrible, clinging, blackish mud-blotches. Round after round had ended by Cleggson going down, and it was evident, even to my inexperienced eye, that he was weakening rapidly. He leaned heavily upon the two Jews when they led him to his seat. He had reeled when the report was withdrawn. Yet his hands had, through long practice, become an automatic thing with him, so that he stopped and hit with less power, but with as great accuracy as ever. Even a casual observer might have thought that he had the best of the battle, for the smith was far the more horribly marked, but there was a wild stare in the west countryman's eyes, and a strange catch in his breathing, which told us that it is not the most dangerous blow which shows upon the surface, but heavy cross-blows at the ends of the thumbs, and sharp thrusts from his body, and he came up for the thirty-second with the same jaunty gallantry as ever, but with the dazed expression of a man whose wind has been utterly smacked.

"He's got the roly-poly," cried Belcher. "You have it your own way now."

"I'll fight for a week yet," gasped Wilson.

"Damme, I like his style," cried Sir John Lade. "No shifting, nothing, no hugging nor humping. It's a shame to let him fight like the broad fellow away!"

"Take him away! Take him away!" echoed a hundred voices.

"I won't be taken away! Who dares say so?" cried Wilson, who was back after another fall upon his second's knee.

"He has got him," said General Fitzpatrick. "As his patron, Sir Lothian, you should direct the sponge to be thrown up."

"You think he can't win it?"

"He is hopelessly beat, sir."

"You don't know him. He's a gluton of the first water."

"A gammer man never pulled his shirt off, but the other is too strong for him."

"Well, sir, I believe he can fight another ten rounds." He half turned as he spoke, and I saw him draw his left arm with a sudden movement in the air.

"Cut the ropes! Fair play! Wait till the rain stops!" roared a stentorian voice behind me, and I saw that it came from the big man with bottle-green coat. His cry was a signal, for a thousand claps of thunderous applause followed shouting together, "Fair play for Gloucester! Break the ring! Break the ring!"

Jackson had called "Time" and the two mud-plastered men were already upon their feet, but the interest suddenly changed from the fight to the audience. The crowd, however, from the back of the crowd had sent a series of long ripples running through it, all the heads swaying rhythmically in the one direction like a wheat-field in a squall. With every impulse the oscillation increased, those in front trying to steady themselves against the rush of those behind, until suddenly there came a sharp snap, two stark whites, with earth clinging to their points, flew into the outer ring, and a spray of people dashed from the solid wave behind were thrown against the line of beaters out. Down the long rows went, like the most vicious tigers in England, but the wincing and shouting victims had no sooner scrambled back a few yards from the merciless cuts before a fresh charge from the rear hurled them once more into the arms of the ring fighters.

Many threw themselves down upon the turf, and the successive waves to pass over their bodies, while others, driven wild by the blows, returned them with their hunting crocs and walking canes. And then, as half the crowd strained to the left and half to the right by a sudden surging forward, the mass was suddenly left to strain, and through the gap surged the rough fellows from behind, all armed with loaded sticks, and yelling for "Fair play and Gloucester!" Their determined rush carried the prize fighters before them, the inner ring snapping in a thread and in instant there was a swelling roar of voices, whips and sticks falling and clattering, while, face to face, in the middle of all, so wedged that they neither advance nor retreat, the two sides continued.

And the west countrymen continued drawn battle, as oblivious of the world around them as two bull-

the landlord. He had opened the note and was reading it with a slight raising of the eyebrows, which was almost the very highest note in his limited emotional gamut.

"What make you of this, nephew?" he asked, handing it to me.

"This is what I read:

"Sir Charles Tregillis—For God's sake come at once when this reaches you to Cliffe Royal, and tarry as little as possible upon the way. You will see me there, and you will hear much which concerns you deeply. In brief, I remain him whom you new as JAMES HARRISON."

"Well, nephew?" asked my uncle.

"Why, sir, I cannot tell what it may mean."

"Who gave it to you, sirrah?"

"It was young Jim Harrison himself, sir," said the landlord, "though indeed I scarce knew him at first, for he looked like his own ghost. However, when he did reach you that he would not leave me until the horse was harnessed and I started upon my way. There was one note for you and one for Sir Lothian Hume, and I wish to God he had chosen a better messenger."

"I remember him, Sir Charles Tregillis," said he, smiling, "and she, coming forward, as we sprang down from the currie."

"My uncle looked hard at her with a puzzled face.

"Do not think that I have the privilege, madam. And yet—"

"Polly Hinton, of the Haymarket. You cannot have forgotten Polly Hinton."

"Forgotten! Why, we have mourned for you in Fop's Alley for more years than I care to think of. But what in the name of—"

"I was privately married, and I retired from the stage. I want you to forgive me for taking Jim away from you last night."

"I was you."

"May we do, Sir Charles, but we are plain folk, my Jack and I, and we go as far as we see our way, and when we don't see our way, we just stop. We'll draw aside and let our betters get to the front, so if you wish to find what note means I can only advise you to do what you are asked, and to drive over to Cliffe Royal."

"My uncle put the note into his pocket."

"I don't move until I have seen you safely in the hands of the surgeon, Harrison."

"Never mind for me, sir, the missus and me can drive down to Crawley in the

marked that it was the first thing that I noticed, and yet no such thing could not put words to it. He was not better dressed than old Tom, but he was brindled hair and the rounded back gave the impression of what a man should be, and yet there was a change, a suggestion of dignity in the bearing which seemed not that it was supplied to be the one thing which had been needed to give harmony and finish. Somehow, in spite of his prowess, his old school name of "Bob" had clung very naturally to him, until he had assumed and maintained his standing in his self-contained and magnificent manhood in the doorway of the ancient house. A woman stood beside him, her hand resting upon his shoulder, and I saw that it was Miss Hinton, of Cliffe Royal.

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"I remember me, Sir Charles Tregillis," said he, smiling, "and she, coming forward, as we sprang down from the currie."

"My uncle looked hard at her with a puzzled face.

"Do not think that I have the privilege, madam. And yet—"

"Polly Hinton, of the Haymarket. You cannot have forgotten Polly Hinton."

"Forgotten! Why, we have mourned for you in Fop's Alley for more years than I care to think of. But what in the name of—"

"I was privately married, and I retired from the stage. I want you to forgive me for taking Jim away from you last night."

"I was you."

"May we do, Sir Charles, but we are plain folk, my Jack and I, and we go as far as we see our way, and when we don't see our way, we just stop. We'll draw aside and let our betters get to the front, so if you wish to find what note means I can only advise you to do what you are asked, and to drive over to Cliffe Royal."

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**Standing of the Clubs.**

Owing to the near end of the league The Junior prints this week only the standing of a few of the highest teams—only those whom the fight for the pennant is between.

Clubs—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	PerCt.
West Atlanta Grays	13	11	2	.846
South Side Tigers	14	11	3	.783
North Side Victors	10	3	7	.700
LITTLE DIVISION.				
Southside Tigers, Jr.	11	0	1.000	
Rock Hills	9	1	.888	
Humming Birds	9	8	1	.888
Pryor St. Juniors	9	8	1	.888
Ponce de Leon Stars	6	5	1	.833
West End Crescents	8	7	1.	.877

Three Game Schedule.

The schedule in the little division, where three games will be played this week, is as follows:

On Tuesday morning the Tigers, Jr., will play the Humming Birds on the latter's grounds, and on Wednesday the same teams will play on the Tigers' grounds. Saturday the Tigers play the West End Crescents on the Tigers' grounds and the Humming Birds play the Pryor Street Juniors on the former's grounds.

The West End Crescents play the Pryor Street Juniors on Tuesday and Wednesday, the final game on the Crescents' grounds and the second on the Juniors'.

The Rock Hills play the Boulevard Sluggers three straight games—the two first on Tuesday and Wednesday to be played on the Rock Hills' grounds, and the last on Saturday to be played on the Sluggers' grounds.

The Forrest Avenue Stars and the Ponce de Leon Stars play three straight games, the first two on Tuesday and Wednesday, to be on the Ponce de Leon grounds, corner of Fort and East Baker streets, and the last on the Forrest Avenue Stars' grounds.

This being the last schedule in this division it is hoped that each team will show up all three of the times.

In the Big Division.

The schedule for this week in the big division is as follows:

The Southside Tigers v. the Northside Victors on the Victors' ground.

The West Atlanta Grays v. the Opera House Clippers on the Grays' grounds.

The West Atlanta Grays won from the Opera House Clippers with ease last Wednesday. The batteries for the Grays were Lynch and McElhaney. The score by innings was as follows:

Grays....	2	0	7	2	0	0	2	2	0	15
Clippers....	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	4

A game of ball was played Wednesday between the West Atlanta Grays and a scrub team of the third ward. The scrubs won by a score of 11 to 8.

The feature of the game was the batting of Adams, Martin and Seymore for the scrubs, and J. Lynch for the Grays. "Little Walker" made some pretty catches on third for the Grays. Knox muffed three nice flies in left for the scrubs. Adams pitched a magnificent game. Only seven innings were played. Umpires, McWaters and Kowen. Time of game, about two hours.

There was a very tiresome game of ball played Saturday, July 4th, between the

Tigers, Juniors, is a good player and deserves the reputation he has.

The Tigers, Junior, have good players in Dorsey, the shortstop, and Thibedieu, the third baseman.

The West End Crescents defeated the Buttermilks last week by a score of 15 to 4.

Lafitte catches Winningsham to the queen's taste. He is in the game all the time and it never lags with him.

The Grays have signed Pridgean to play first base.

Will Newman is an excellent player in left field.

Charles Elsworth, the captain of the

A GROUP OF YOUNG GIRL RIDERS.

Daisy Holliday. Edna McCandless.

Bell Nash.

Lucille Atkinson. Mary Lou Jackson.

West Atlanta Grays, is one of the best ball players for his size in the league.

The Victors have a good all-round ball player in the person of Thomas.

Walter Lynch has as good a record as any catcher in the league.

Guy Meyers now holds third base for the Opera House Clippers.

John Coxey is now chasing ball in left field for the South Side Tigers.

Churchill has been released by the Grays.

Fred Allen has signed with the Grays to play shortstop.

Ollie Eaves is playing left field for the Grays.

Kennedy was hurt in the first game with the Clippers, but is all right now. Old Veteran Howell is still at third base and is doing fine work and his batting is increasing.

Waits is playing first base for the Grays and Elsworth, who has been playing short, is at second base for the Grays.

Lynch is considered by some to be the best catcher in the league. He never fails to get his two or three-base hits, and they come in good time.

A Sham Battle.

There was a pleasant and delightful evening spent on July 4th at Mrs. May's residence on Spring street. The amusement was a sham battle, representing the bombardment of Fort Sumter. It was very exciting and delighted the many people present. Those who took part on the southern side were: General Hottshot, commander-in-chief; Fielding Smith, Francis Smith, Warren Mays and Glasscock Mays, Whiteford Mays and Eugene Call. On the northern side: General Debility, commander-in-chief; C. P. Wilcox, Edward Cay, Marion Richardson, Edmund Russell and Allen Morris.

The bombardment began promptly at 9 p.m. By 8:30 o'clock the chairs were nearly filled; by the time it began there was not a vacant chair. Before the bombardment began there were a few explosive fireworks and a big wheel set off. Then the northerners were in possession of the fort and after an hour of fighting with pistols, guns, roman candles and skyrockets, surrendered the fort to the southern army.

The southerners then marched into the fort and blew it up with bombs and the battle was over.

Much credit is due Mr. C. P. Wilcox, who got up the entertainment. Those present were: Misses Thomas, Sutherland, Russell, Richardson, English, Annie Cay, Helen Cay, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Fort, Mrs. J. J. Russell, Mrs. W. D. Russell, Mrs. Mays, Mrs. English, Mr. John C Cay, Mr. Calvin Holmes, Mr. G. Russell, Master Charley Smith, Master Herbert Read, Master Engane Cay and Master W. S. Mays.

A Fish Story.

From The New York Mail and Express.

Many queer things happen in Kentucky. James Gatewood, of Coral Hill, was crossing Beaver creek at the present rise, when he saw a huge buffalo fish lying on the top of the water. He slipped one hand into its gills to draw it ashore, but the fish gave a bounce and drew him into the water. Then he could not get his hand out and the fish towed him around until he was nearly drowned. Finally, however, he managed to get a foothold and landed the fish. It weighed 132 pounds, but Mr. Gatewood declares he is done with that kind of fishing.

JUNIOR RACES TO BE HELD SOON.

An Event of Much Interest to the Young Bicycle Riders to Be Pulled Off Next Week.

Every boy rider in Atlanta under 16 years old should enter The Junior race, soon to be given.

Get into condition. Begin training at once, as the race is to be pulled off within the next month. The date has not been definitely fixed, but the race is sure to come off.

Every one remembers the big Junior race held about this time last year, and its great success. The race that is to be held in the next few weeks will be even a greater thing. More prizes will be given, and we hope to have more boys in the race.

The race will be run over Brookwood course, from 14th street out. There will be several events with handsome first and second prizes. Boys from all through the

entered at Columbus in May, is Spier's old rival. They have been riding against each other for several years up to this year Spier has always won from Walhour.

"Can you beat Walhour?"

"I can't do it at present, for I am out of condition. But I have beat him every time I went into a race with him and, as I said, I am riding faster this year than ever before."

"What do you think of the races Walhour won in Columbus and Montgomery?"

"I expected him to win all he went into at Columbus. He went up against a crowd of fellows who were never known outside of their town. It did not take any fast riding for Walhour to win in Columbus."

"I don't say that I can beat Walhour, but I am willing to race him any distance under five miles. I will say this much, that I beat, last year in Nashville, the men who are beating Walhour there now. He lost from several riders that I won from in '95."

"I don't want to become a professional," explained Spier, "but if Walhour is anxious to race me I will go into his class to race with him. I am an amateur and have a good field to work in, but if Walhour is anxious to beat me I will enter his class and race with him."

Walhour is now racing in the professional class and to go up against him Spier would have to become a professional also.

The Junior is going to try to get up a race between these two on the day that the Junior races are to be held.

They will put up one of the fastest races ever seen in this city, as they are the fastest boys in this section of the country.

L. L. H.

Coasting the Thing.

Coasting is becoming eminently popular. From everywhere come reports that the pastime is almost universal. This is a new advent for the cyclist. A few years ago hill climbing contests were popular, but they have been dropped and down, instead of up the hill, is the way the contests are now run.

In several of the big cities coasting contests have been held with great success. The dealers have taken greatly to this idea as it proves conclusively which is the easiest running wheel.

Coasting is a good thing in many ways. It teaches the rider to keep his wheel in good condition and the bearings clean. Some riders do not take their wheels apart from the beginning to the end of the season. The cyclist who takes pride in his wheel and who likes to be known as the fastest coaster will find it to his advantage.

Out Peachtree street is a remarkable good road for coasting. A rider can start at Cain street and coast out to Pine without touching his pedals if his wheel is in good condition.

The coasting contest will soon invade this section and become popular. On a road that is not too slanting the young ladies can enter the contest, which will make it an ideal sport.

In the Wheelman's Way.

There came near being a serious smash up on Peachtree street a few nights ago. Two boys ran into each other, both going at a good pace. While neither was hurt very badly, the wheels will have to be sent to the repair shops.

The cause of the accident was because one of the boys was coming up the asphalt on the wrong side. Observe the following simple rules of the road and all accidents will be avoided:

In passing a rider or person go to the left; in meeting always keep to the right.

John H. Witts broke the world's long distance record last week by riding 3,500 miles—from San Francisco to New York—in forty-one days. He went the entire distance without a single repair. This breaks the record by seven days.

The world's record for one mile unpaced is held by W. W. Hamilton. Time, 2:09 3-5. The world's record for two miles is held by the same person. Time, 3:59 4-5. This is fourteen seconds faster than Zimmerman rides it.

A. A. Hausen is the holder of three world's records on the board track. Time for half mile, 1:01 2-5; ten miles, 25:18; twenty-five miles, 1:02:32. These were all competition races.

One of the fastest young riders in the city is Dan McClesky. He is seen on the Peachtree road nearly every good afternoon and while he is only a boy about fourteen, it takes the fastest of the older riders to show him a rear wheel.

The Junior presents this week a group cut of five of the most prominent young lady riders in the city. The cut was made from an old photograph, but will be recognized by the names under them.

The junior wants to give a bicycle party to the young lady riders at an early date. How many nice girls in the city would attend? Next week there will be a full article about it.

Among the young riders who are seen every day on the asphalt young Clinton Brackett is a familiar wheelman. He has a light wheel and knows how to ride well.

Lawson Peel is one of the most graceful little girls on the asphalt. She has done sports, yet she can hold her own with the average boy who comes his way.

Ben Steele rides a boy's wheel as fast as a great many of them. He has been riding over a year and says he knows a machine throughout.

Cam Dorsey, of the south side, gave promise last year of being a very fast man. He is doing very little riding this year on account of baseball.

Joe Gatins is another youngster from the south side who has baseball on the brain and who has done very little riding on his bike so far this year. The league closes in a few days and we hope to see these promising young men on the track.

Bob Hemphill is not doing any riding to amount to anything this year. Last summer he was in the Junior race and came out a good third. He could be a winning man in the coming race if he would only go on the track and get into condition.

MARION HOOD.

Captain of the Rock Hills.

North Side Victors and the Crescents, in which the Crescents were defeated by the score of 28 to 15.

The feature of the game was the batting of the Victors. McClellan knocked three home runs on the Victors' side. Score by innings—

Victors...	6	6	1	7	0	6	1	0	1-28
Crescents...	1	0	2	2	1	2	3	3	1-15

Among the catchers in the little division that have made good records behind the bat are Avary, of the Tigers, Jr., and McMillan, of the Rock Hills. Both are good catchers.

Finley and Thompson take it time about pitching for the Tigers, Jr., and they make it hot for any team they go against. Finley has a good record for striking out men.

Hall, of the Rock Hills, and Hicks, of the Pryor Street Juniors, are good pitchers and rarely lose a game when given good support.

Tupper, the right field player of the

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., July 12, 1896.

Young Atlanta!

Jay Youngblood, a correspondent for The Junior, discusses in this issue a theme which some people may be disposed to call humorous. The Junior's bright writer talks of politics among the young folks. The writer of the article himself is a politician, though he has not as yet passed half of his teens.

In an editorial two or three months ago The Junior made mention of the great learning of that wonderful sphere which we called "Young Atlanta"—that sphere wherein The Junior circulates. At that time we called attention to the great subjects that young Atlanta talked of and held debates upon in their divers debating societies. The Junior Debating Club, where a goodly number of the population of young Atlanta are enlisted, has at one of their meetings fully settled the great financial question, and only the next week lent the Demosthenian powers of their oratory to letting light in upon the Cuban question. And thus young Atlanta goes on meeting and disposing of the weighty questions of the day, just they might have something to occupy their young minds.

When a question arises that will for one moment befuddle young Atlanta, that question must be settled by a conference of the nations of the world, or forever be left to grope in the dark.

The Closing of the League.

This week the teams in the little division will play their last games for this season. The large division will continue to play throughout next week. This action has been definitely decided upon by the president after hearing from all the league clubs.

As this week ends the season in the small division there will be three games played by all the small division teams. So to see where and with whom the three games are to be played the players should read the schedule carefully and see where they are to play.

The pennant in the little division lies between the South Side Tigers, Junior, and the Rock Hills. The Tigers are leading now, and, to make the prediction which The Junior has refrained from doing up until the present time, it looks very much like this famous little club of the south side will land the much coveted pennant of '96.

And if they win it how well will they deserve it. At the present time this team stands with a percentage of 1,000. Throughout their career in the league they have played fair ball and have treated all teams against whom they were scheduled with most perfect courtesy.

It is by no favored chance; it is not the work or guidance of any luck-giving star, that those boys who call themselves the Tigers (which term is the highest class of the hyperboles) are now standing at the very top notch in the Junior League. Better say, it is by the most skillful management of the players collectively and the unequalled playing of each player individually. Better still say it is by their strong and unfaltering determination to come out of the present season with a record surpassing the record of any other team.

Next week The Junior will contain, among its other interesting baseball features, the pictures of the winning team in the little division and pictures of other players.

As to the big division, which closes one week from next Saturday, there is still doubt as to what club will win the pennant. Certain it is that the big Tigers, who have led until last week, stand a good chance for winning. But, then, the Grays, of the west side, are ahead in the percentage now and they will give the Tigers a close race if they do not win the pennant from them.

Each team have played exactly the same number of games, but the Tigers have lost one more than the Grays. Next week, however, will tell who the winner is.

Politics Among the Young Folks.

In this day of great political disturbances while the battle of ballots is carried on with as much energy as if it were a battle of the sword, it would indeed be strange if the infection should fail to extend to the younger classes. On last Friday while Bryan and Bland were running for the democratic nomination at Chicago, the bulletin board at The Constitution office was crowded with men and boys. The old stagers would frequently smile when their younger and more ardent companions would utter an enthusiastic exclamation for the candidate of their choice. One young man who seemed to have re-

cently donned his long trousers remarked in a very animated tone: "I hope Boles will be elected," while many more such expressions were uttered in quick succession. Bryan and Bland were well represented by the boy politicians among the spectators and dire was the defeat predicted for the party in November unless the speaker's candidate should be selected by those men at Chicago to bear the flag of democracy. When at last it was announced that Bryan had swept the field, the crowds appeared very well satisfied and dispersed in a jolly good humor. The wearing of campaign buttons has recently developed into quite a fad among the boys and many are the coat lapels decorated in this manner. Stiles Hopkins and Jewett Burden wear buttons with the mysterious phrase "sound money" engraved thereon; but of course this means, as plain as can be, "silver money." Robert Hemphill and Milton Smith are rarely seen without their button declarations of "Free Silver," while many more of their associates heartily concur in this opinion. The Tillman pitchfork is also another very forcible sign of the wearers of free silver convictions and a great many boys wear it.

JAY YOUNGBLOOD.

The Youngest Author in America.

The youngest author in the United States, and probably in the world, is little Myra Bardwell Helmer, of Chicago.

This little six-year-old maiden has produced the most captivating book imaginable, and her grandfather, Judge James B. Bradwell, has turned publisher for her. Little Myra is much too old for her years. She is constantly wrestling with problems that have baffled the keenest intellects. Her conversation is a curious mixture of grown-up expressions and phrases peculiar to a child.

The book by the young author is a personnel of her dear little self, and contains six stories, the sum of the author's years. It is bound in a small, dainty cov-



MYRA BRADWELL HELMER.

er, and is regarded as one of the prettiest pieces of work turned out by the binders. The colors of the lid are crimson, brightened with gold.

The little girl is too young by many years to write, so her mother took down her stories as they came from her lips with alterations only at the little one's suggestion.

She dictated the preface of her little book in these words:

"I am a little girl six years old. Grandpa, papa and mamma give me money, and sometimes I put some of it in the glass globes down town for sick babies, but I never earn money myself, so I thought I would make a book. I talked it, and mamma wrote it down just as I talked it. Grandpa said he would have it printed, and take his pay out in kisses. I'm going to take one dollar out of my money and give it for the monument to Eugene Field. All the rest is for orphans and sick babies. The book is 25 cents. I hope I will make a lots of money for the orphans."

The generous wish is being granted, for though the book has just been issued, she has received over two hundred dollars for her solicitude.

The book contains four pictures of the little author, the most fascinating is the one where she is clasped in her grandfather's arms, with her monny face nestled against the snowy beard. Underneath is the significant inscription: "The author and her publisher."

The Strongest Boy in America.

In all probability the strongest boy in America today is Armando Manara, of New York. He attends the public schools of that city, and is conceded the strongest boy in America.

Manara is eighteen years old, and up to about five years ago he was sickly and had very little strength. At that time he began training in the gymnasium and after two years of regular work his muscles began to grow rapidly.

He has developed into an all-round athlete in the last few years, and has held the record of Columbia, Manara's school, for three years.

Manara's chest measurement in natural position is thirty-seven inches, and when inflated measures forty-two inches. His biceps measures fifteen inches, forearms, thirteen and a half inches; calf, sixteen inches; wrists, seven inches; thighs twenty-three inches; waist twenty-nine and a half inches and neck sixteen inches. He stands five feet, three inches in his stocking feet, and weighs 156 pounds stripped. These developments are considered marvelous for a youngster, and when fully matured Manara will be one of the strongest men of the day. His back is a mass of muscles.

A Pig and a Lamb.

From Exchange.

A pig will awaken the neighbors with his squeal when fast, but a lamb will lie still and die. Often they crawl off into some hole to rest, and have not enough sense to find their way back again, and there they soon chill and die, when very young. They need care in numberless ways.

The House That Jack Built

A Mule for a Partner and What Came of It.

A TRUE STORY.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

The house that Jack built is still standing, for this is a true story as any one will find who will read the records of the county of Belmont in the state of Ohio, where it is written almost as I have told it.

Jake Heatherington was an English miner's boy. Indeed, he might have been called a miner himself, for from the day he was seven years old he had spent sixteen hours out of every twenty-four deep down in a coal mine, never going to school rarely seeing the sunshine. Jake did not mind. His father did the same, so did all the men and boys he knew and probably he would have gone on to the end of his life thinking and caring very little about a life above ground if, when he was about fourteen years old, his father had not decided to move to America.

As this was nearly seventy years ago the journey across the Atlantic was very long. For the first time since a little child Jake knew what a beautiful thing it is to be all day in the sun and air, to watch the birds and the sea. When he reached America there came a long trip by wagon and flat-boat to his new home on the Ohio river, where Jake's father had been told there was coal lying almost on top of the ground and where instead of having to delve down thousands of feet as they did in England, the miners simply dug straight into a hillside and brought out the mineral on wheelbarrows.

To Jake this kind of work was play, and for six or seven years he labored happily with his father. But while Jake worked he was thinking. He was earning good wages but why go on all his life simply earning wages, why not have a mine of his own. As soon as this idea came into his head he began to save. When he was about twenty-three years old he had enough money to make a first payment on eight acres of coal land and to buy his own wheelbarrow and tools.

Then he went to work for himself wheeling out his coal alone and taking it down to the river bank, where he sold it by the barrel to the steamers which went up and down. This went on for some time, Jake regularly making his payments on his land and every week putting by a bit extra. He was saving now for another purpose though nobody knew just what until he returned one day from a short trip with a partner.

As the firm grew richer and richer Jake found that people treated him with a respect which sometimes was very troublesome. From New Orleans and Pittsburgh and Cincinnati and even from New York came bankers and steamboat builders and capitalists and tried to persuade him to invest his money in their enterprise. "I'll have to talk it over with Jack," he always said and though the men did not always know who Jack was, they had to wait until the partners had had a ride together and thought the matter over. It was wonderful how few mistakes they made in spite of all the flattery and persuasion of the fine gentlemen from the cities. The truth was Jake and Jack both had a great deal of good sense and when they made up their minds nothing could budge them. Of course, as he was so rich Jake's neighbors thought he ought to marry and so he did at last. He was very fond of his wife and bought her gowns and jewels, but Jack had his heart. Everybody said that, even Mrs. Jake herself.

After the two had been in partnership about twenty-five years Jake concluded to build a house. As he was the richest man in the valley he decided he must have the finest house, but before he had said anything to his wife about his project he told his partner. "It's you as has done it, Jack," he said, tears of gratitude in his eyes. "It's long after he told how the mule rubbed his nose against the fine wood work and peered into all the closets and kicked up his heels at the mirrors and cantered around the great drawing room and actually bounded up the broad staircase three steps at a time. "No one ever appreciated this house like Jack," declared Jake.

He introduced his companion as Jack, he drove his coal down to the wharf in a new cart to which Jack was hitched, he was the proudest man on the river.

He had a right to be proud of his new partner. Jack was the sturdiest little mule in the Ohio valley. He was only three and a half feet high but he was as stout as oak and Jake himself hadn't more pluck. There was no load so heavy that Jack wouldn't do his best to draw it; there was never a hill he wouldn't pull up it; and as for being afraid of whistles and noise and crowds Jack simply gloried in them and always pushed into the thickest of every din. Jake had been all his life a lonely fellow and every day that he worked with Jack he became happier.

He fell into the habit of talking aloud to him as they went about, telling him how much coal they had taken out today and what they had sold it for and he confided to him all his future plans. At night when the work was done Jake always smoked his pipe near Jack and planned the next day. As for the mule his affection for the man was something unheard of. It was only necessary to watch Jack's ears when Jake was near to know that his whole soul was wrapped up in his master. So devoted was he that he brayed with grief if Jake attempted to drive another animal and if any one on the premises dared to attempt to harness or drive him he kicked and balked until the intruder was glad to give up the task. Every time that Jack saw his partner kick over a man who attempted to use him, he confessed that it made him love Jack better. This was Jack's way of showing his affection he said.

Jake and Jack had not been in business together long before it was evident that they were making a great deal of money. In an amazingly short time Jake paid the last dollar on his eight acres and was able to buy a much larger piece of coal land.

"It's all because of you, Jack," he said to the mule, putting his arms around his neck as he has done it. "It'll be the house that Jack built an' nothin' else."

The house was begun and during the months it was building Jack went every day to see it. Often his friends and rich visitors went with him and always he said, "Yes, sir, it's a fine 'un, but the credit is all yours, Jake, built it, and so all up and down the river the new home came to be known, greatly to Jake's joy, as the "house that Jack built."

But Jake was not satisfied with having his partner's name attached to his home; he wanted his dear face and tender eyes and great sympathetic ears in it, and so he had a splendid head of the mule carved in stone and put up as a keystone to the fine arched portal. Then he was content.

When at last the house was done Jake refused to take any one through it until after his partner had seen it. He made a great fete on the lawn and invited all his neighbors. Then in the presence of them all he led Jack from his stable across the lawn up the steps into the new house. From room to room went the two old friends. Jake leading the way and explaining lovingly all the conveniences and luxuries which henceforth he and his family were to enjoy. He always declared that Jack understood and enjoyed it all and neck. "I never could 'a' done it without you." His business grew so fast now that

he began to hire men, and to buy other mules, and even to send coal down the river on his own flat boats. Men looked on in astonishment at the way he grew rich, and when they spoke to him about it he would say modestly, "Yes, Jack and me's doing pretty good."

About five years after the partnership was formed Jake and Jack concluded they'd buy a third piece of land. It was a big piece which had never been opened, but they felt sure there was coal there and so it proved—thousands upon thousands of tons of the richest, blackest coal that any one had ever seen on the Ohio river. The firm had made their fortune, but they never slackened their speed. To be sure Jake dropped his pick and shovel for now he had to superintend men and build houses and wharves and steamers. Jack, too, no longer drew loads of coal, his one and only load was Jake. They had bought the finest little cart that had ever been seen in the valley and together trotted from mine to mine and from wharf to wharf looking after their business and as they rode Jake counted up in a loud voice to Jack their earnings. This he found very convenient, for he could no more read and write and cipher than the mule. It helped him greatly to add up aloud to Jack, he said.

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When the house was built Jack was already old for a mule. He was thirty, in fact, but happily he still had a long term of years before him. No prince ever received more homage and lived in greater comfort than did he in his last days. Jake himself cared for him; the whole community petted him, and often visitors from far away came to look on his white hairs. At last when he was forty years and ten days old Jack died. His death was the one great sorrow of Jake's life. The man buried his old friend under a favorite tree, and often he went there to sit by his grave. Every visitor was taken out to see the spot and to hear the tale of Jack's honorable life.

Kentucky's Names.

Kentucky is known as the Corn Cracker State, from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in great abundance in most parts of the state. It is also called the Blue Grass State, from the belt of land running through the center in which this variety of grass grows to great perfection. In the early days of our history it was known as the Dark and Bloody Ground, being so termed by the Indians. It was then a debatable land between the Indians living north of the Ohio and those living in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, a sort of battle ground for these tribes, which fact gave it the name long before it was settled by the whites.

A Child's Question.

James Payn tells of an amusing question put to him seriously by a little boy of his own. The family were being driven out of their London house to make way for the painters, cleaners, and whitewashers. "Papa," said the child, "who had evidently been turning the matter over in his own little head, "where do the people in heaven go when the spring cleaning begins there?" The problem was too perplexing even for Mr. Payn.

Strange Marriage Custom.

A curious custom exists among the Menomonee who are settled in Manitoba. When a young man and woman desire to become engaged the lover remains in the home of the father of the intended bride for a few weeks before the marriage takes place. The object is that each of the contracting parties may become more fully acquainted with the character and disposition of the other while there is yet time to escape from what might prove an uncongenial alliance. Among Canadian lovers the lady is only seen when she is dressed for display and is practicing her best behavior. The lover also, during the brief visits that are made, has an opportunity to acquaint much of his real character, and both are sometimes disappointed and deceived.

"FIDELLO,"



THE DOGE'S PAGE.

A Boys and Girls' Story of Old Venice.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

It was at the close of what had been a true Venetian day in the heart of the fourteenth century—the 10th of April, 1366, to be precise—when one of the many gates of the ducal palace opened and a boy came out and halted on the grand staircase which overlooked the grand canal.

Venice at the time was in the height of her glory, and in consequence of a late victory won over a foreign foe by her soldiers, the vast city was filled with rejoicings.

The boy on the staircase told by his rich dress that he was connected with the doge's household, as, indeed, he was, being a page in attendance on the doge himself. In figure he was slender but graceful; his rich chestnut locks hung to his shapely shoulders and lay on his velvet collar as lightly as flakes of snow.

He wore about his waist a rich red sash, the ends of which were fringed with gold braid, and in the belt itself was to be seen a little dagger more for play than use with its ivory hilt tipped with a pearl from the ducal treasury.

The boy seemed to be absorbed in the gay scenes which met his gaze as he took in the gondolas that swept the bosom of the Grand canal. He leaned against the marble sides of the staircase and watched the many boats that swept along, singling out now and then one whose owner he knew by sight.

The staircase led down to the water and after a while the little page moved lower where he could watch the craft from a better vantage ground.

On the very last step which was cast in shadow the boy page beheld the figure of a crouching boy.

The little fellow was poorly clad, his garments betokening his poverty, and Fidello, the doge's page, knew at once that he belonged to the great body of fisher folk that swarmed in nearly every quarter of the city.

"Who art thou, boy?" asked the page, stooping and looking into the thin face of the outcast. "I am Fidello, page to the Doge Marino and thou—"

"I am Andrelo, the child of the fisher Paullo. I was thrown from a gondola on which I was stealing a ride a while ago and I did not know it was wrong to rest on the staircase of the ducal palace."

"Not wrong in my eyes, boy, but in those of the authorities it is sacrilege. But stay! you shall rest elsewhere. I would like to hear of the city beyond the walls of the palace in which I am caged like a bird. Come. Let us go back. I have a room, as pretty a little place as your eyes have ever seen, and, then, I will show you the golden lion and—"

"It is too much—too much!" broke in Andrelo. "We poor people dare not look at the beauties of San Marco without expecting to feel the hand of the law."

"Nonsense!" cried Fidello, laughing. "I will show you what is beyond the walls of the ducal palace for the doge is absent tonight—he has gone to the council."

Fidello dragged the half resting boy up the wide staircase and opened the door by which he had come out upon the steps of polished marble.

First he took Andrelo to his own little apartments which were, in fact, a miniature palace.

"You never get tired of this, do you?" cried Andrelo.

"Sometimes I would sooner mend nets than live here," answered Fidello.

"When you are ready to mend them I will teach you and then I will come here and live among all this splendor."

It was late when the two boys came back to Fidello's apartments.

He went to the ducal kitchen and brought back some viands on which Andrelo feasted, watched all the time by Fidello, and when the guest was through, he looked wistfully at the silken couch of the little page as if he would like to try it for a night.

Interpreting the glance, Fidello proposed that he should rest in the room till morning, saying that he need not go back to the nets till then, and Andrelo, throwing his jacket across the room, took possession of the bed much to the page's amusement.

Tired as the fisher boy was he soon fell asleep and after watching him a while, Fidello went to his last duties for the night. He would have to attend the doge on his return from the council, and while he waited in his chair in the grand hall he fell asleep.

The doge came back with disturbed countenance, and seeing Fidello sleeping in his chair, he looked at him a moment and then stole the pearl-hilted dagger which he carried off without arousing its owner. Falieri Marino was an old man at this time.

Past seventy, his hair was white, but his form was as stately as a doge's should be, and he had added to the glories of Venice, even in his old age.

But there was about him that night a look of uneasiness. For some time rumors of a conspiracy against the republic had floated about, and the finger of suspicion had been directed against the ducal palace itself.

Fidello slept on and when he awoke he wondered why the doge had not returned, for he was not aware that the hand of his master had despoiled him of the dagger.

It was past time for the ruler of Venice to come back, and, fearing that he had neglected his duty while asleep, Fidello sprang up and ran down the marble corridors.

He listened at the door of the doge's chamber and heard the full, sonorous breathings of a sleeping man.

Filled with fear, he turned back and sought his own room. He would enter and throw himself gently down beside

Andrelo; but the moment he opened the door he stopped and stared at the bed.

The boy's jacket lay where he had cast it, while its owner was not to be seen.

"Where can he be?" cried Fidello. "Surely I left him asleep in my chamber, and he does not know the intricacies of the ducal palace. What if the guards should find him among the shadows of the corridors? They would make short work of Andrelo and the nets would never see him again."

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The swords were lowered and the men caught hold of the boys, who were borne across the halls and thence down a flight of stairs to a dungeon.

"We will send for you when you are wanted," cried the soldiers as they turned away, and the next moment a key grated in a lock and the boys knew that they were prisoners in one of the storied dungeons of the old palace.

For a little while they stood in the dark and then the hand of Fidello, stealing out, fell upon the arm of his companion. The fisher boy drew close and put his arms around the page's neck, letting his own

armed with swords drawn entered the room.

"Down with the doge!" they cried as the terrified boys fell back. "Falieri is a traitor to the republic! Death to him and his retinue!"

The swords flashed in the faces of the two boys and the foremost soldiers rushed their blades against Fidello's bosom, when the hand of Andrelo pushed them back, and the fisher boy planted himself between the page and the weapons.

"You shall not!" said he as he resolutely faced the armed men. "I stand between you and Fidello. You shall not kill the boy because he is the doge's page."

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In another moment there came a pounding on the door and as the boys listened they heard the boisterous words of the excited soldiers.

The palace was in the hands of the doge's enemies, and as the great iron door swung back some one called, "Andrelo," and the lantern at the threshold showered its light upon the little prisoners.

In an instant Andrelo caught Fidello's arm and dragged him toward the light, when one of the men shouted:

"We don't want the page. We are here for you, Andrelo, the faithful."

"We go out together," was the quick retort. "Andrelo Gargani will not desert Fidello, whom he has betrayed."

"Bring away both, then," said a voice from the other end of the corridor, and as the boys stepped out they were surrounded by a host of halberdiers and were marched to the great audience chamber in the

Everywhere they saw evidences that the doge was a prisoner of the men he had lately ruled.

The whole palace was under guard and halberdiers stood like statues in every corridor.

As the door of the great chamber was thrown open Fidello caught a glimpse of the people assembled therein, and saw the old doge in chains standing at the foot of the ducal throne.

All at once the voice of a man who stood on the ducal throne rang out above the whispering going on when the boys were led into the room:

"Lead Fidello, the page forward."

One of the soldiers disengaged Andrelo's arm from the boy page's waist and led him toward the throne.

"What sayest thou about thy master's friends?" asked the man on the ducal throne. "Thou hast seen them in the palace at the dead of night. Who were they, boy?"

Little Fidello, thus called upon to betray the doge, turned pale and spoke not.

He had seen strange things within the walls of the grand palace. He had seen men enter it at the hour of midnight, coming in at the secret gate with a password which savored of treason to the republic. He had seen dark shadows pass toward the doge's private apartments, had watched the door till it opened to let them out again, and had followed them back to the underground corridors of the palace, where they had vanished among the secret waterways.

This could have but one meaning in the light of the doge's arrest for treason. After all Falieri must be a traitor to Venice; there could be but one side to all these doings; and little Fidello, in the presence of the heartless enemies of the conspirator, knew that his words would doom the white-haired old man whom he loved.

Yet, he despised a traitor. His father had taught him to look upon treason as the sum total of all that was wicked and unjust. He had imbibed love of country at his mother's knee, and above all things he loved Venice, the bride of the Adriatic, his home and his adoration.

The stern persecutors of the traitor doge did not give him much time for reflection.

"The boy knows, and the boy must tell," rang out once more the voice of the man on the ducal steps.

Fidello cast one glance at the old man in the hands of his bitter foes.

He saw that Falieri, the doge, no longer looked at him, but had turned his face away, as if ashamed to look him in the eye.

A man clad in armor crossed the space before the throne and turned full upon the boy. Fidello knew him; he was a guard who had served the doge, and he saw not that he had been in the watchers' pay and that he was against his master.

"Strip the boy of his rank," thundered the man on the throne. "He shall not wear the badge of the Falieri if he persists in holding his tongue."

Little Fidello drew back with a show of shame at the threatened disgrace. He threw his hand toward his belt and discovered for the first time that the dagger was not there.

As he colored he caught the old doge's eye, and the priscner seemed about to speak; but he held his tongue.

A heavy hand now fell upon the boy page's shoulder. It was the gauntlet of the man commanded to rob him of the rank of page.

Fidello recoiled with a cry and thrust the fellow back, while the others laughed.

"You shall not," cried a voice, and that moment a form came between Fidello and the soldier.

It was the figure of Andrelo, the fisher's son.

As the sun-browned Venetian boy straightened before the officer he threw up his sleeveless arm and waved the soldier back.

"You shall not touch the doge's page," he exclaimed. "I am but Andrelo, and I have served you all against the old man yonder, but I love the boy in velvet and you shall not touch him to rob him of the ribbons his mother gave him when he entered the service of the republic."

"Who is that boy?" asked the man on the throne as he leaned forward and looked at Andrelo.

"Our spy, most noble master."

"Your spy? I am your spy!" answered Andrelo. "I have been in your service and it was for you that I entered the grand palace. For you I left the nets and for you I watched the doge and his fellow conspirators. I entered the palace by the lion's head and went when I cared to quit it. I am the spy of the cabal against the old man yonder, but you shall not touch the boy whom you would rob of the rank he bears because he loves the doge."

"Very well, then, go forth, Andrelo and Fidello," cried the same harsh voice.

The boys went up together. They saw that a change had taken place in the palace of the doge. New men were on duty and Falieri's servitors were not to be seen.

They learned what had taken place. The conspiracy of the white haired doge had been thwarted and Venice had been saved from overthrow by Falieri Marino and his plotters.

All at once the gate above the grand staircase was thrown open and two boys caught on their faces the rays of the declining sun ere it dropped into the waters of the Adriatic.

They came down the marble stairway arm in arm and parted as a gondola came up.

Fidello was rowed home to his mother's arms and Andrelo, the fisher and net mender, waved him a final adieu as the boat which carried him swept under the Rialto.

Then the little page heard it all; how the old doge had been beheaded; how all Venice was rejoicing over the overthrow of the princely conspirators; and how it was already moved that all portraits of Falieri should be veiled, as they have been ever since his treason.

Time came when two boys, one in velvet and one in poor garments—one with long silken hair and one with rough red locks—walked along the shores of the Adriatic and recalled their adventures in the grand palace the night of Falieri's treason.

And Fidello would put his soft hand into Andrelo's rough palm and, forgetting that he had been a spy for the old doge's enemies, would thank him for interfering when they would have forced him to betray his old master.



"You shall not touch the Doge's page," he exclaimed.



"Who art thou boy?" asked the page

master when you came down and found me. I thought it would be a good joke to enter with you and act as if I had never seen the great halls and the galleries before."

"But it compromised me," exclaimed Fidello.

"So it did, but I never thought of that at the time."

The little page slipped from the arm that encircled his neck and drew off.

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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1896.

THE GRASS GREEN GNOME

← → OR ← →

• Cautious Peter's Three Wishes. •

—BY J. CARTER BEARD.

"Oh, Greta, what a big, red, ripe strawberry!" cried Cautious Peter, and Greta, a pretty child a year or so younger than Peter, ran to see what he had found.

"Why, 'tis not a strawberry at all," said Greta, as Cautious Peter turned it over and over in his hand. "See! It is a little red cap. It must belong to some girl's doll. How strange to find it away here in the forest."

There was a rustling among the strawberry plants at their feet as if a field mouse were there.

"Hold on!" said Peter; "there is something in my trap." Peter had set his trap

shrieked the dwarf. "It would take just thirty-three and a third grass-green gnomes to grant even a hundred wishes. The best any of us can do is to give a mortal three wishes, and it's a terrible strain on our nervous system to do that."

"Honor bright?" asked Peter.

"I couldn't tell you anything but the truth if I wanted to," replied the dwarf. "In matters of this kind we labor under much greater disadvantages than you do. If the bargain is not honestly made or kept, we will find ourselves back again as we were before and have to pay an additional price to be released the second

of the grass-green gnomes to procure it for you, you shall have it."

The cockatrice vanished. He had gone to the Cave of the Winds, where their mother keeps them tied up in logs. She was on the most friendly terms with the grass-green gnomes and received and welcomed the cockatrice. She said she had so much to tell him, especially

with the North Wind, she could not get out often, but was glad to have her neighbors call on her. Hers were good boys, she said; but, oh, so full of animal spirits. She could control them very well, unless they began waltzing, when she could do nothing with them until they had tired themselves out. In answer to the questions of the cockatrice, they one and all declared that in all their journeys over the face of the earth they had never seen genuine, unadulterated contentment. The North Wind said there were, indeed, folks who lived at the end of the world amid ice and snow who had something like it, but it was so mixed up with stupidity and ignorance as to be practically useless for any one but themselves.

When the cockatrice failed to find it on the surface of the earth he sought it on the depths of the ocean and among the co-balds who live in the deepest parts of the earth, but it was not there, and he was obliged to return to Cautious Peter and tell him that his wish could not be granted. "It is out of the jurisdiction of the grass-green gnomes. You must pray heaven for it," said the cockatrice.

"I will," said Peter, soberly.

Many years afterwards, when Peter lay upon his bed in his cottage, old, helpless, lame and blind, there entered in at the door three cockatrices, who perched in a row upon the head of his bed. "We are three unwished wishes granted by the grass-green gnomes," said they. "We have waited in vain to be wished. We have called to know why we have never been called."

"Why," said Peter, "to tell the truth, I have never needed your assistance. Everything has gone on pretty nearly as well as I could expect, and as my grandmother used to say, 'Let well enough alone.'

"But," said the first wish, "you might have a mint of money for the asking."

"Yes, so I might," answered Cautious Peter; "but look you: I have always had enough of such as I like to eat and to drink. Expensive dishes, such as great folks have, are not to my taste and do not agree with me. As for clothes, I have dressed as well as my neighbors, and to dress better would only provoke ridicule or envy and hatred."

"But," said the first wish, "you might have traveled and seen something of this big ball of dirt before you were ready to leave it."

"True!" said Cautious Peter, "but I have talked to folks who have been far away as Bremen and they all tell men that no-



CAUTIOUS PETER, GRETA AND THE GNOME.

for other game. He had hoped to capture a stoat, but found instead he had caught an exceedingly small dwarf, of extraordinary appearance, with grass-green clothes and complexion and a very long white beard.

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" shrieked the dwarf in a thin, piping voice.

"Give me my cap!"

"Oh, Peter, what is it?" cried Greta, clinging to him in alarm. "What can it be?"

"Who and what are you?" asked Cautious Peter, with his arm protectively about the child.

"Give me my cap!" cried the creature. "Give me my cap!"

"Oh, let's run away as fast as ever we can," said Greta. "I am frightened."

"No need to be scared," said Cautious Peter, though it cannot be denied his voice trembled a little. "It's caught safe enough in the trap and can't get at us."

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" wailed the dwarf. Wild with fright Greta broke away from Cautious Peter and, rushing down the forest path, disappeared amid rocks and bushes about which the path led. Peter pursued, but was unable to overtake her—even to catch sight of her. At first he determined to follow and seek until he found her, but reflecting that the forest path was broad and well trodden, and that she knew every foot of the way, and therefore, could not well get lost, he allowed his curiosity to lure him back again to have another look at the queer game he had captured. As soon as he drew near his trap he heard the thin, piping voice calling out:

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!"

"Oh, ho!" said Peter. "I begin to remember what my grandmother used to tell me. If what she said is true, many a famous bargain has been made with elves whose red caps have been found and picked up by lads like myself."

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" cried the dwarf.

"I wonder if this one is an elf," soliloquized Cautious Peter. "Perhaps he is a brownie; though from his color I should call him a greenie; which, indeed, he must have been to have gone and got caught in a stoat trap."

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" cried the dwarf.

"Now," continued Peter, "my grandmother used to say that at least once in a lifetime one has a chance to catch a goose that will lay him golden eggs. I shouldn't wonder if this little green gosling would do as much for me."

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" cried the dwarf.

"See here, Greeny!" interrupted Peter. "It's all very well for you to keep singing your little song, 'Give me my cap!' but I know a better one."

"Give something for nothing till nothing remains,

And at last you'll get nothing at all for your pains."

"What do you want?" asked the dwarf. "Don't ask for too much. Remember, though, there is a lot of nonsense told about us, our power is limited. If it wasn't, I wouldn't be here."

"I believe you," said Peter; "but now that you are here it's going to cost you the fulfillment of three hundred wishes of mine to get away again."

"Didn't I tell you our power is limited?"

time. Now give attention. I shall not tell you this twice. Gather a three-leaved clover, pull off a leaf and make a wish. A cockatrick will immediately appear before you. Tell him what you want and your wish will be granted, provided it is within the bounds of nature and the power of the grass-green gnomes. Do not trouble your-

self to open the trap. I can get away easily enough if I have my cap. All my power is in it."

In truth, no sooner had the dwarf received his cap than he vanished and the trap was empty.

As Peter walked slowly along the forest path toward the village he tried to make up his mind not what it was best to wish for, but what it was best not to wish for, "because," said Cautious Peter to himself, "I have never yet heard a story of persons who had three wishes who did not straightway wish themselves into some idiotic scrape and have to use up all the wishes they had left wishing themselves well out of it. Grandmother used to say:

"Choose wisely; remember contentment and health are better than station or power or wealth. There's no use wasting a wish on what one already has, so I won't bother

now about health."

He picked a clover leaf and there before him he saw a cockatrice. It was flame covered and bad the head, wings and legs of a bird and the tail of a serpent. Peter was so much interested in looking at it he forgot to speak.

"I am your first wish; give me a name," said the cockatrice.

"Bring me contentment for two," said Cautious Peter, for he meant to share his good fortune with Greta.

"Contentment?" inquired the cockatrice. "I do not know what it is."

"It is the name of my first wish," replied Peter.

"If you had wanted a cartload of diamonds as large as ostrich eggs or anything in reason," said the cockatrice, "you should have had it in the twinkling of an eye. But I will ask the four winds of heaven if they have met contentment on their travels, and if it is within the power

where can be found as pleasant a village as ours. So I would not care to go farther to look for comfort, especially to the ends of the earth, where I am told you meet folks with black or red or yellow faces who cannot even speak the German tongue. If one cannot find contentment at home among his own people, he certainly cannot expect to find it among a set of outlandish foreigners. Besides all this, the money is much safer where it is than if I should collect it and put it away somewhere. As long as I have but to wish for it to have it, it is better than to keep it in a bank, which may break."

"But," said the second cockatrice, "surely Greta was worth wishing for—Greta, whom all your life you have cared for so much, and whom you rescued from the flames when her father's house was burning and by so doing lost your eyesight and became a helpless cripple. Yet I hear the ungrateful girl preferred Hans, the game-keeper, and became his wife."

"Ah," said Cautious Peter, "there indeed was a great temptation, and I like to have wasted a wish as foolishly as ever the old man in the story grandmother used to tell, who wished the pudding on the end of his wife's nose, for if Greta could not, of her own accord, like me without being compelled by magic to do so, I would rather she preferred Hans. Such forced affection would be worth nothing, and cause me no joy, but much unhappiness."

"You are blind," said the third wish.

"Certainly you must wish to see the faces of your friends, the green grass, the flowers and the heavens at night where the stars.

"I see them," said Peter; "the heavens are always bright and the faces of my friends remain always young and happy.

Best of all, I see Greta kind and lovin-

and grateful as she seemed when I bore her from the burning house. If there are changes I do not wish to see them."

"But," said the third cockatrice, "why not wish health and strength and a life lasting for hundreds of years."

"No," said Cautious Peter. "I have lived so far I hope without very great offense to God or man, but I am a little tired of it all. This is a very nice world, but I am tired of a better one and having made my peace with heaven I hope to go there when my time comes. At least I may hope to find rest and forget my troubles."

"What then becomes of us?" asked the cockatrices in dismay.

"The truth is," said Cautious Peter, "that heaven having in some measure granted my first wish, I have all I can desire."

"Then there is nothing for us to do and we must go back where we came from," said the cockatrices. Peter never saw or wished to see them again, but three white doves came and sat at the head of his bed when the cockatrices flew away.

THE CROWDED GRAND STAND.



1—"Ain't dis a snap fer seein' de game?"



2—"Go it, Hennie—all de way round—go it!"



3—"Chorus: 'Let's git a look.'"

MORAL.
When you have a snap, keep your mouth shut.

First Baseball Game.

The game of baseball was fifty years old last week, the first match game having been played at Hoboken, N. J., on June 19,

1846, between the Knickerbocker and New York clubs. Previous to that time town-ball had been the great game, but some of the devotees got their heads together and evolved a series of rules which changed the sport so materially that they decided

to call it baseball. The first team was organized on September 23, 1845, but it was not until the following June that a match

game was played.

THE DEPTHS OF THE FIRMAMENT

Photography and the Telescope Are
Solving Many Mysteries.
OF THE SIDEREAL SYSTEM
Show That the Milky Way Is Com-
posed of Many Suns.

SOME ARE LARGER THAN OLD SOL HIMSELF

We Capture Rays of Light Which
Left Their Source Thousands
of Years Ago.

In the recent progress which has been made in the study of the heavens, the photographic plate has played a most important part. Not only has the fact which the records of photographic plates at the disposal of the astronomer are every day increasing. The older methods of observation are in many cases gradually being displaced by the more accurate and far more comprehensive methods which the camera offers. It has been asserted, and I do not doubt it, that the truth of the assertion will be unquestioned, that the advance in the astronomer's art which is due to the introduction of the photographic plate into the observatory, is not less far-reaching in its effects than the advance which was inaugurated when Galileo turned his newly made telescope to the sky, and thus wonderfully augmented the space penetrating power of human vision.

Almost the first feature which will strike the observer who is examining a good

it is now situated; if Sirius were at a distance of 100 fold greater than that at which it now lies, it would still be found within the range of a telescope of moderate power. Indeed, if Sirius were at a distance 1,000 times greater as that by which it is at present separated from us, it would still have passed beyond the ken of our mightiest telescopes. We have, however, reasons for our belief that some of the stars which we can see through our greatest telescopes are at least 1,000 times as remote from the earth as Sirius.

Devised by Dr. Gill at the Cape of Good Hope have demonstrated what the distance of Sirius amounts to. It has been shown that the star rays from Sirius traveling as they do with the stupendous speed of light, namely, at the rate of 180,000 miles each second, would nevertheless require not less than nine years to traverse the distance between that star and our system. Other words, when we are looking at Sirius to-night, we do not see that star as it is at present, but we see it as it was nine years ago. The light which reaches our eyes to-night must in fact have left the star nine years before. We have already shown that there is good reason for the belief that there are stars which are still visible in our great telescopes, notwithstanding that they are 1,000 times further from us than the brilliant Sirius. It follows by a line of reasoning which seems impossible to question, that the light from such a star must have occupied a period of time not less than 9,000 years in its journey to the earth. The consequences of such a calculation are indeed momentous. It is plain that we do not see such stars tonight as they are to-night, but as they were when our earth was 9,000 years younger. The light from such stars which is now entering our eye at the close of this unparalleled journey has occupied all that long interval in crossing the abyss which intervenes between the solar system and the awful stellar depths. This was the task which had been required for the journey, notwithstanding the fact that the light speeds on its way with a velocity which would carry it seven times round the earth in a second. Indeed, the stars might have totally ceased to exist for the past 9,000 years and we should still find them shining in their places. Not until all the light which was on its way to earth at the

vision. Even the largest and most brilliant of suns might be so remote as to be entirely beyond the ken of the greatest of telescopes and the most sensitive of photographic plates. Doubtless stars exist in space which lie outside the visible range of our instruments. As space is boundless, it follows that the regions through which our telescopes have hitherto conveyed our vision must be as nothing in comparison with the realms whose contents must even now be incalculable. It is conceivable as may seem the stars whose existence is already manifest, there is even reason to believe that they do not amount to one-millionth part of the stars which occupy the impenetrable depths of the firmament.

Devised by Dr. Gill at the Cape of Good

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useful purposes, as a nonconducting covering against heat and cold alike for steam pipes and cold storage room walls, and as a sound deadener in floors of buildings, and as a means of fireproofing, is, as its name implies, a soft and woolly substance, composed of a mass of very fine mineral fibers interlacing one another in every direction, and thus forming an endless number of minute air cells.

The wool appears on the market in a variety of colors, principally white, but often yellow or gray, and occasionally dark, made by converting certain rocks, like a talc, into a fibrous condition by blast-furnace slag forms the raw material for one variety of the wool and sandstone for another, yielding, respectively, slay wool and rock wool, the latter being preferable for piping, because of the absence of a binding which, with moisture present, becomes an active corrodent agent.

"The furnace slag or the rock, in the case may be melted in large cupolas, and often trickled down at the top, in a somewhat sluggish stream it meets a high pressure steam jet which atomizes the woolen material, if it may be so termed, blowing it in fleecy clouds into the storage tanks provided for it. Soft and downy, the stuff which rests on the floor of the tanks, the heavier wool falling down first, while the lighter portions are blown further along by the force of the steam and settle in the more distant parts of the room. The material thus naturally grades itself into varieties of different qualities.

"A tube has been constructed and turned out by one of the cupolas, and after the storage room has been blown full the fluffy mass is pushed into bags ready for the market. The whole process affords an admirable and interesting illustration of the utilization of a formerly waste product.

Fuel Gas.

The Commercial Bulletin, of Boston, calls attention to the rapidly increasing use of fuel gas. This is undoubtedly due, in large measure, to the increased occupancy of apartment houses, where gas ranges take the place of coal ranges for cooking purposes, and to a limited extent for heating also. The Bulletin says:

"We doubt whether the general public has yet comprehended the possibilities of fuel gas. It was only the few who appreciated in its early stages the possible development of the telephone. Some few years hence people will revert to the present and wonder, 'What was it that they suffered so much with the inconveniences of coal?' The future will bring the universality of the use of gas for fuel purposes. A cheap gas at \$5 or 75 cents per 1,000 feet is certain to be used in preference to coal at \$8 per ton, with its accompanying cost of labor, rent, bin, dirt and ash, and the twin necessity of wood or charcoal to start the fire."

"Compared to the cleanliness of gas, oil is a dirty fuel, and fuel gas is not yet out of date, owing to the fact that fuel gas is just beginning to be introduced. But the hand-writing on the walls is plain."

"The gas industry is in a position to hold its own in time, the reactions taking place rapidly. There is a great saving in labor and materials as compared with the Dutch process.

"The product of the electrolytic process is in a very fine state of division, and is claimed to be of a very dry character.

"The precipitated lead hydroxide is produced at the other electrode. The precipitated lead hydroxide is digested with bicarbonate of soda solution, whereby lead carbonate in a very fine state of division is obtained. The sodium nitrate is regenerated. The sodium carbonate is used

to decompose carbon dioxide into the caustic soda solution. It is claimed that the process can be made a commercial success, the white lead being equal or superior to that made by the Dutch process."

"The plant required is said to be

large, and the cost, though there is no loss of time, the reactions taking place rapidly.

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FREAKS OF MEMORY

Some Interesting Stories About This
Remarkable Faculty.

EVEN MEN OF GREAT GENIUS

Have Frequently Suffered from What
Is Commonly Known as Absent-
Mindedness.

The average man has a fairly good memory in regard to matters within his experience, but even the average man has his lapses, which are remarkable because they are unusual, says A. L. Smith, in The Boston Herald, who discusses the subject. Continuing, he says: In many cases memory is affected by the physical health of the individual, though there are cases on record where in disease the mind and its memory are practically unaffected. But memory is also affected by the modifications of the mind, of the memory, which is, indeed, as already explained, a function of the brain. In support of this we have numerous instances of persons recollecting in the delirium of fever things which had long since been forgotten, or even speaking languages that were of their childhood which they had never long passed from the mind. Not the least remarkable feature of memory is the way in which it is affected by certain diseases of the brain. Sometimes the patient loses the whole stock of his knowledge acquired previous to his disease, the faculty of acquiring and retaining new information being lost. But there are cases of absent-mindedness, not that they do not know their names, but that they do not remember them. This lack of recollection is sometimes embarrassing when a friend comes to call, and the forgetful party, talking to an acquaintance, and another acquaintance, whose name he may remember, asks him what his name is. It is known and the other not remembered. It is a somewhat embarrassing process. But memory is an important factor in life. To conduct their affairs without embarrassment. By simply knowing whether the old or new state, they regulate themselves.

Formation of names is a thing of no particular consequence, but when meeting people on the streets every day whom they know very well, but cannot remember their names, it is a great trouble.

These are some of the ways in which memory is affected.

Another abomination of men has acquired previous to his disease, the faculty of acquiring and retaining new information being lost. But there are cases of absent-mindedness, not that they do not know their names, but that they do not remember them. This lack of recollection is sometimes embarrassing when a friend comes to call, and the forgetful party, talking to an acquaintance, and another acquaintance, whose name he may remember, asks him what his name is. It is known and the other not remembered. It is a somewhat embarrassing process. But memory is an important factor in life. To conduct their affairs without embarrassment. By simply knowing whether the old or new state, they regulate themselves.

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Formation of names is a thing of no particular consequence, but when meeting people on the streets every day whom they know very well, but cannot remember their names, it is a great trouble.

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